

# **THE GALAXY**

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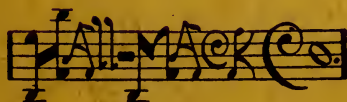
**Songs for Day Schools  
and Institutes** ♣ ♣

**Prof. H. J. TAYLOR**

**in charge of Music at**

**The Lancaster County  
Institute**

**November 1912**



**NEW YORK**

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**CHICAGO**

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# The Galaxy

**Songs for Day Schools  
and Institutes**      ✨   ✨

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**Price 15 cents each by mail. \$1.65 the dozen by mail.  
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**Hall-Mack Co.,**

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# No. 1.

# The Sandman.

HENRY EDWARD WARNER.

S. B. STAMBAUGH.

1. The sandman comes when the day is done, And the shadows creep where the babe must sleep;  
 2. He is short and stout and tall and thin, And he carries a sack on his big broad back:  
 3. The sandman o-pens his great big sack, And he dips his hand in his sil-v'ry sand,  
 4. O sandman, sandman, what have you done With your ea-ger hand-ful of sleeping sand?

He rides the waves from the golden sun,  
 No lock so strong he can't break in,  
 And his eyes go pop, and his lips go smack,  
 Make haste, for yon-der the ris-ing sun Will

Galloping, galloping, galloping on,  
 Si-lently, si-lently creep-ing thro',  
 Suddenly springing his great surprise,  
 gallop you, gallop you, gallop you on—

CHORUS.

And he hurries back home at the break of dawn.  
 Just to laugh in the beau-ti-ful eyes of you.  
 There's a handful of sand in the ba-by's eyes.  
 And you'd better be home at the break of dawn.

Sandman, sandman, come near,

Sleep you bring to ba-by dear, Just a smile for wee one, Then is sandman gone.

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# No. 2.

# Brother James.—Round.

(Arranged from the Swiss.)

\* 1. GIRLS AND LADIES. 2. 3.

Are you sleeping, are you sleeping, Brother James, Brother James? Morning bells are

4. Hold ad lib.

ring-ing, morning bells are ring-ing, Ding Dong Ding, Ding Dong Ding Dong.

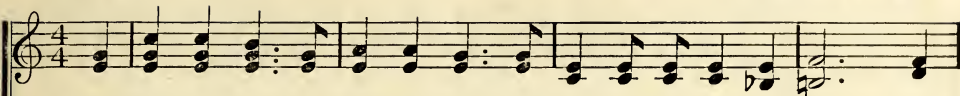
\* This should be sung as a four-part round. It is suggested that this round be sung through four times and all sing the chord of F at close, the different voices of the round singing Ding Dong Ding until the last voice has finished its singing when it joins in the final chord softly.

## No. 3.

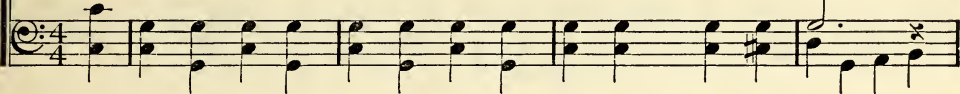
## I Salute Thee, Old Glory.

C. A. M.

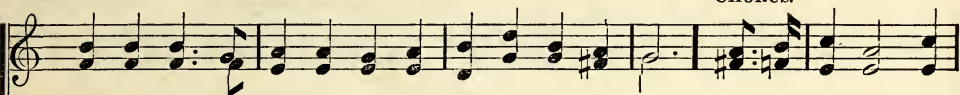
C. AUSTIN MILES.



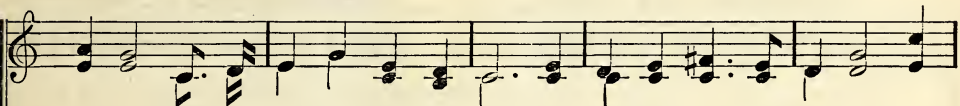
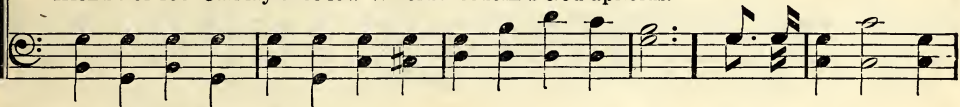
1. Thy white stars laid in heaven's blue Are fixed as the stars on high, And  
 2. Thy white stripes speak for lib - er - ty, Thy red of the martyrs' blood, Of  
 3. No ty - rant foe nor al - ien hand Shall tread in the dust thy folds, Nor



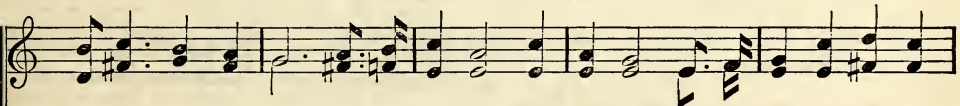
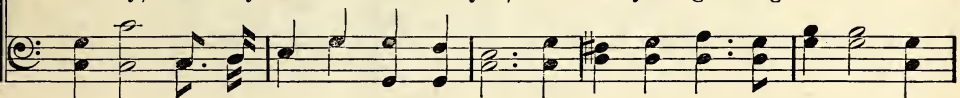
## CHORUS.



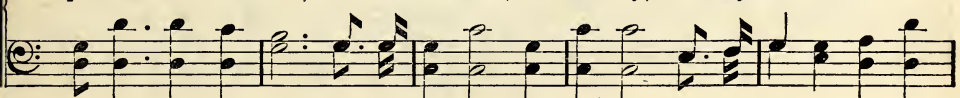
stripe and star As last - ing are As plan - ets in the sky.  
 those who gave Their lives to save Our land from tyrant's rod. } I sa - lute thee, Old  
 friend nor foe Can lay thee low Whom freedom's God upholds.



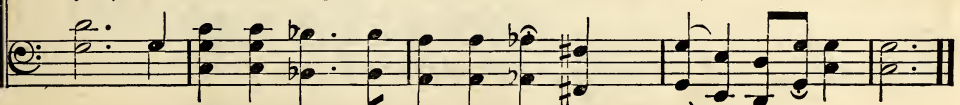
Glo - ry, Here's my heart and hand to you, And to your gleaming col - ors I



promise to be true; I sa - lute thee, Old Glo - ry, And my hat is off to



you; I love each stripe and sa - cred star Of the red, white and blue.

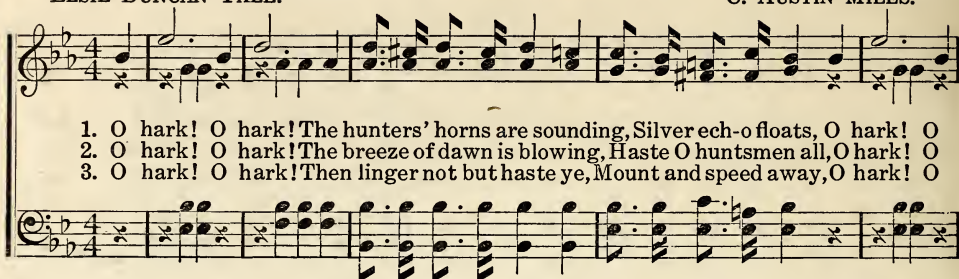


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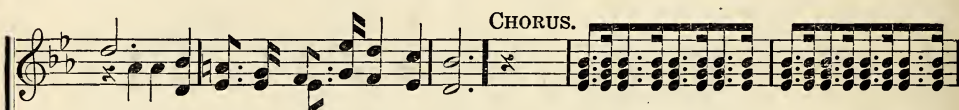
# Hunting Song.

ELSIE DUNCAN YALE.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

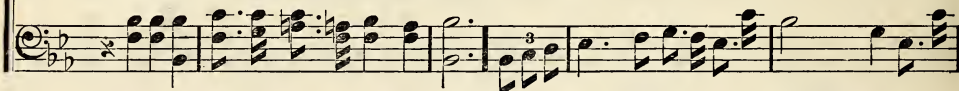
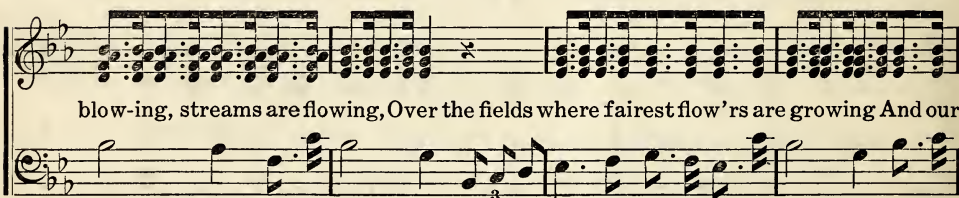


1. O hark! O hark! The hunters' horns are sounding, Silver ech-o floats, O hark! O  
 2. O hark! O hark! The breeze of dawn is blowing, Haste O huntsmen all, O hark! O  
 3. O hark! O hark! Then linger not but haste ye, Mount and speed away, O hark! O



CHORUS.

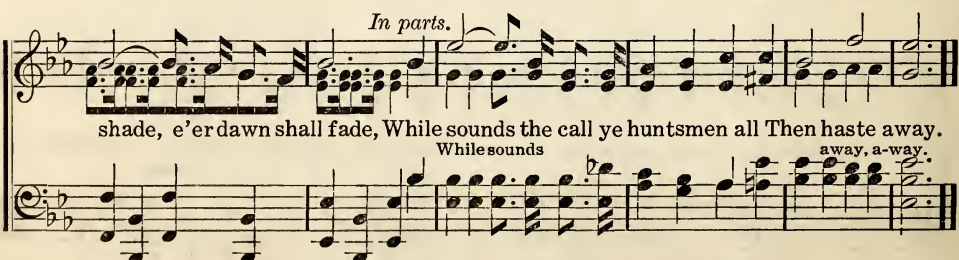
hark! Neath morningskies O list their notes.  
 hark! While clearly rings the clarion call. } Over the hills we ride while skies are glowing, Breezes  
 hark! To forest haste e'er dawn of day. } *Male voices.*

blow-ing, streams are flowing, Over the fields where fairest flow'rs are growing And our



joyous hearts are blithe and gay. Then ride, thro' glen and glade, Thro' syl-van



shade, e'er dawn shall fade, While sounds the call ye huntsmen all Then haste away.  
 While sounds away, a-way.

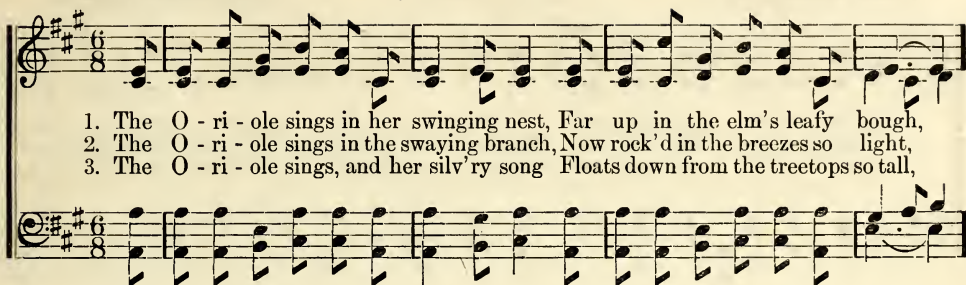


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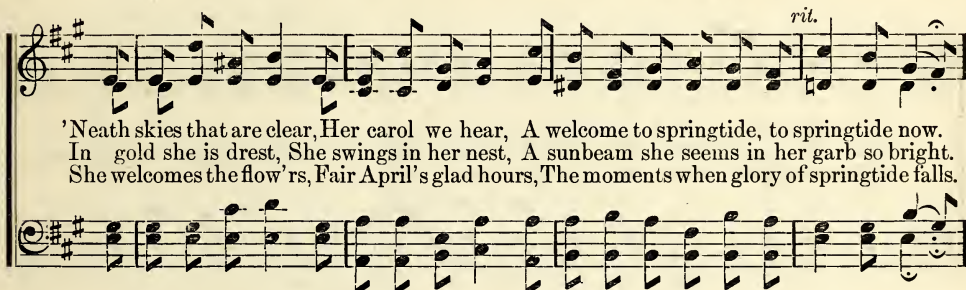
## The Oriole.

ELSIE DUNCAN YALE.

J. LINCOLN HALL.



1. The O - ri - ole sings in her swinging nest, Far up in the elm's leafy bough,  
 2. The O - ri - ole sings in the swaying branch, Now rock'd in the breezes so light,  
 3. The O - ri - ole sings, and her silv'ry song Floats down from the treetops so tall,



'Neath skies that are clear, Her carol we hear, A welcome to springtide, to springtide now.  
 In gold she is drest, She swings in her nest, A sunbeam she seems in her garb so bright.  
 She welcomes the flow'rs, Fair April's glad hours, The moments when glory of springtide falls.

## CHORUS.

SOP. AND ALTO, OR UNISON.

FOUR PARTS.



Wel - come, wel - come, blithely thy car - ols ring, Hear we thy voice, that

TWO PARTS.



bids us re - joice, Her - ald of joy - ous spring! Wel - come, wel - come,

FOUR PARTS.



singing of sun - lit hours, Welcome to days of gladness, Welcome to birds and flow'rs!

## No. 6.

## Gliding On.

ELSIE DUNCAN YALE.

(BOAT SONG.)

C. HAROLD LOWDEN.



1. Glid - ing on, glid - ing on, A - down the rippling riv - er, Lil - ies gleam  
 2. Glid - ing on, glid - ing on, 'Mid fern-fring'd banks we're floating; Rest the oar,  
 3. Glid - ing on, glid - ing on, Where daisied fields are gleaming; Meadows bright,

CHORUS. *All in unison.*


o'er the stream, While bird-songs sweetly ring.  
 row no more, The tide shall bear us on. } Willows fair are bending  
 fill'd with light, Our eag - er eyes shall greet. }

PARTS.

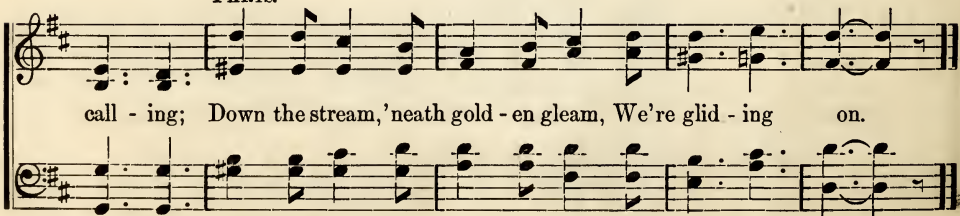


Where our way we're wending, Onward still we turn our prow, Drifting 'neath the

UNISON. *a tempo.*


*rit.*  
 droop - ing bough, Sun - lit glo - ries fall - ing, Birds are blithe - ly

PARTS.



call - ing; Down the stream, 'neath gold - en gleam, We're glid - ing on.



## No. 7.

## We Plant Our Tree.

ELSIE DUNCAN YALE.

(ARBOR DAY SONG.)

J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. 'Mid springtime flow'rs in gold - en hours, With songs of joy - ous glee,  
 2. The sun and dew, and show - ers too, Their con - stant care be - stow,  
 3. O may it spread its boughs o'erhead, With bud - ding branches blest,

We break the sod our feet have trod, As now we plant our tree.  
 With leaves arrayed, with wealth of shade, O may it dai - ly grow.  
 In storms or calms its might - y arms Shall give a shelt'ring rest.

## CHORUS.

Hail, Ar - bor Day, springtime skies shine so bright; Come we with

glad - ness, come we with songs of glee; Hail, Ar - bor Day, when with

hearts glad and light, Come we with glad - ness, plant we our tree!

# No. 8.

# Hail Freedom's Flag!

ELSIE DUNCAN YALE.

(Introducing part of "Handel's Largo.")

J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. Hail freedom's flag! How bright thy stars, Fling to the breeze thy crim-son bars,  
2. Hail freedom's flag, our fa-thers gave Life to the land where thou dost wave,  
3. Hail freedom's flag, from east to west, Hearts shall rejoice by thee now blest,

Far o'er the land thy folds shall shine, Em-blem of right, and vict'ry's sign.  
Pa-triots for these shall breathe their pray'r, Ban-ner of light, our stand-ard fair.  
Steadfast we stand u-nit-ed all, E'er will we heed our country's call.

*Soprano and Alto.*

Stand-ard thou art of un-ion's might, Bonds shall our hearts u-nite,  
Fling to the breeze 'neath southland sky, Far o'er the north-land fly,  
Thee would we yield al-le-giance true, Pledge to thy cause re-new,

*All Voices in Parts.* *ril.*

Flag of the free, loy-al to thee, Would we for-ev-er be.

*Sva . . . . . loco.*

CHORUS. Principal theme of "Handel's Largo."  
Voices in Parts.

Hail, stan-ard of the free,  
hail thee the free,

## Hail Freedom's Flag.—Concluded.

Musical score for "Hail Freedom's Flag.—Concluded." in G major, 2/4 time. The score consists of two systems, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment line. The vocal line features a melody with various note values and rests, while the piano accompaniment provides harmonic support with chords and single notes.

Loy - al are we, Hail thee, hail thee, are we, thee, we hail thee, we hail thee, we hail thee, And

Firm would we ev er stand, "God and home, and native land" E'er our song shall be.

## No. 9. How Can I Leave Thee.

Musical score for "How Can I Leave Thee." in G major, 4/4 time. The score consists of three systems, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment line. The vocal line features a melody with various note values and rests, while the piano accompaniment provides harmonic support with chords and single notes.

1. How can I leave thee! How can I from thee part! Thou on - ly  
 2. Blue is a flow - 'ret Called the "For-get - me - not," Wear it up -  
 3. Would I a bird were! Soon at thy side to be, Fal - con nor

hast my heart, Sis - ter, be - lieve. Thou hast this soul of mine, So close - ly  
 on thy heart, And think of me! Flow - ret and hope may die, Yet love with  
 hawk would fear, Speeding to thee. When by the fow - ler slain, I at thy

bound to thine, No oth - er can I love, Save thee a - lone!  
 us shall stay, That can - not pass a - way, Sis - ter, be - lieve.  
 feet should lie, Thou sad - ly shouldst com - plain, Joy - ful I'd die!



# No. 10. Whence Come Ye, Roving Swallows.

(A Question and Answer Song for male and female voices.)

CATHERINE BRIGHT.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

*Soprano & Alto.*

1. Whence come ye, roving swallows, On swift and joyous wing? From southland fair we  
 2. Whence come ye, gladsome bluebirds, On azure wing so bright? From southland bow'rs from  
 3. Whence come ye, buds and blossoms Which deck each glade and glen? The spring tide's voice bade

*Male voices.*

*Soprano & Alto.*

haste to bear our song of spring. And wherefore did ye leave us, When far away ye sped?  
 fragrant flow'rs, Where skies are bright, And who has called you hither, To bring us joy and cheer?  
 all rejoice, And wake again. What message have ye brought us, O fair and fragrant flow'rs?

CHORUS.

The days we fear, so dark and drear When flow'rs are dead.  
 The wand'ring breeze 'mid blossomed trees Says "Spring is here." } The skies of spring are glowing, The  
 We bid you greet earth's dawn so sweet These golden hours.

*Male voices.*

*\* Two parts.*

brooks unfettered flowing, While blossoms bright are growing, And hearts are glad. The skies of spring are

glowing, The brooks unfettered flowing, While blossoms bright are growing, And hearts are glad.

\* The lower note is the melody, and is to be sung by the school. The upper note (small) may be played, sung by a few selected voices or sung by the girls. In the latter case, the melody is sung by the boys.

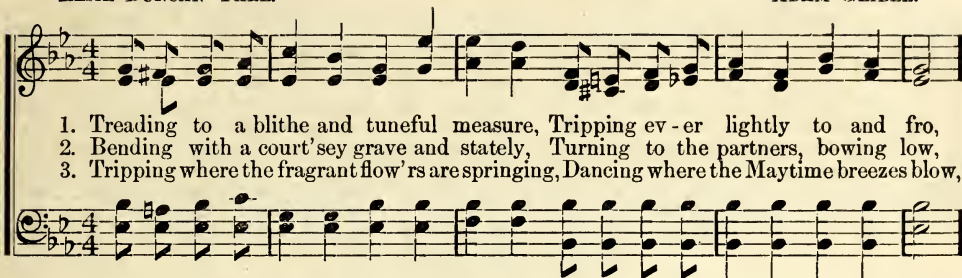
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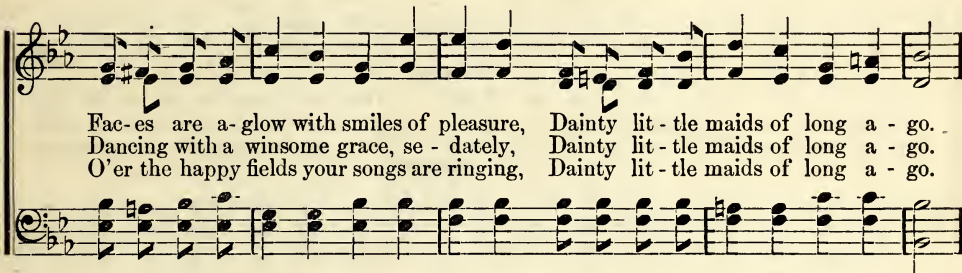
## Maids of Long Ago.

ELSIE DUNCAN YALE.

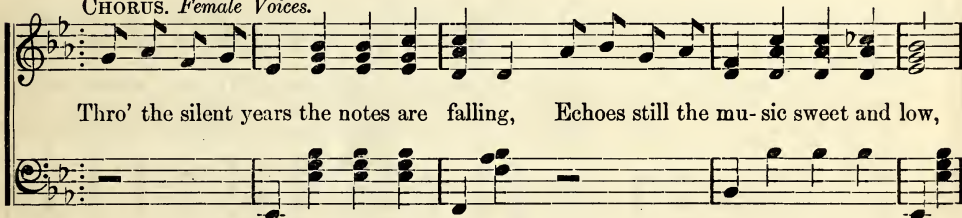
ADAM GEIBEL.



1. Treading to a blithe and tuneful measure, Tripping ev-er lightly to and fro,  
 2. Bending with a court'sey grave and stately, Turning to the partners, bowing low,  
 3. Tripping where the fragrant flow'rs are springing, Dancing where the Maytime breezes blow,




Fac-es are a-glow with smiles of pleasure, Dainty lit-tle maids of long a-go.  
 Dancing with a winsome grace, se-dately, Dainty lit-tle maids of long a-go.  
 O'er the happy fields your songs are ringing, Dainty lit-tle maids of long a-go.

CHORUS. *Female Voices.*


Thro' the silent years the notes are falling, Echoes still the mu-sic sweet and low,



*All.* 1  
 Still the quaint gavotte is gen-tly calling, Dainty lit-tle maids of long a-go;



*Parts.* 2  
 Still the quaint gavotte is gen-tly calling, Dainty lit-tle maids of long a-go.

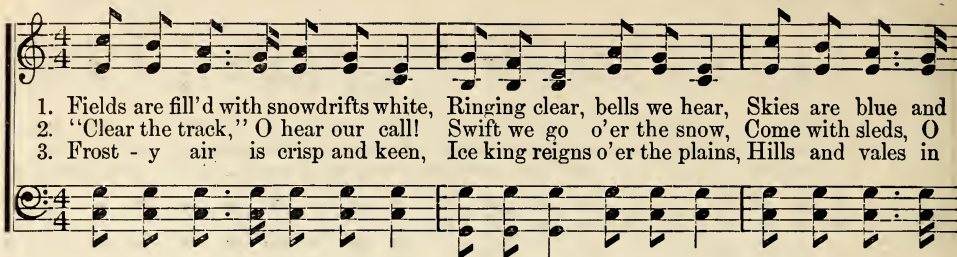


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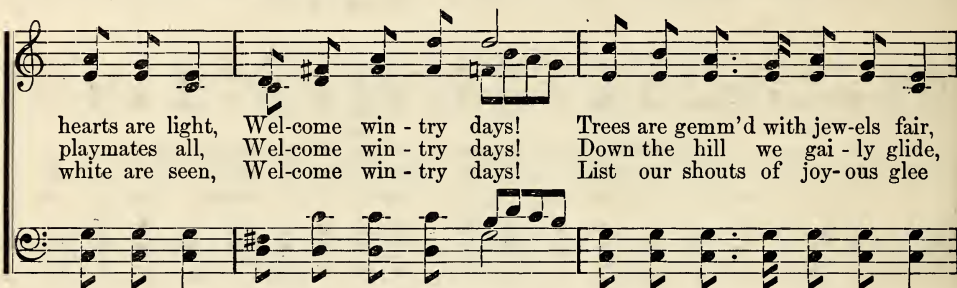
## Coasting Song.

ELSIE DUNCAN YALE.

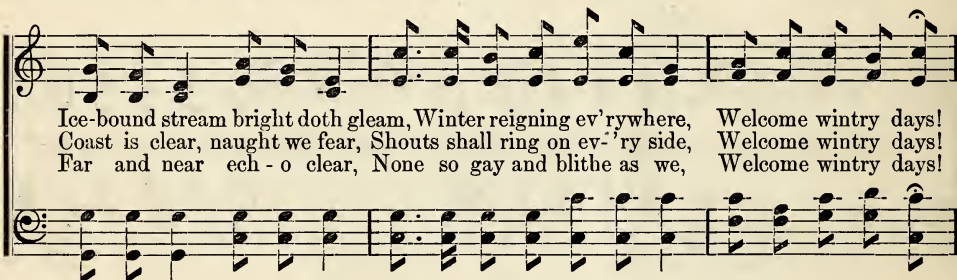
C. AUSTIN MILES.



1. Fields are fill'd with snowdrifts white, Ringing clear, bells we hear, Skies are blue and  
 2. "Clear the track," O hear our call! Swift we go o'er the snow, Come with sleds, O  
 3. Frost - y air is crisp and keen, Ice king reigns o'er the plains, Hills and vales in

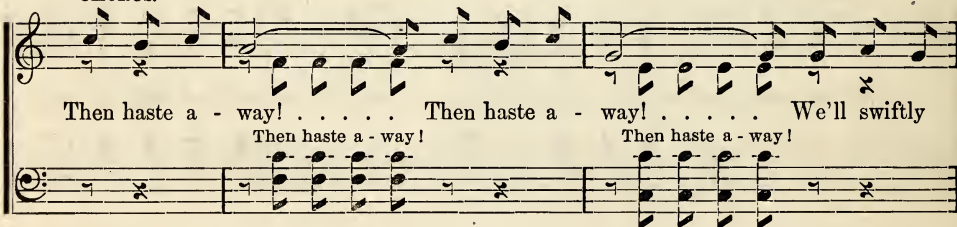


hearts are light, Wel-come win - try days! Trees are gemm'd with jew-els fair,  
 playmates all, Wel-come win - try days! Down the hill we gai - ly glide,  
 white are seen, Wel-come win - try days! List our shouts of joy-ous glee

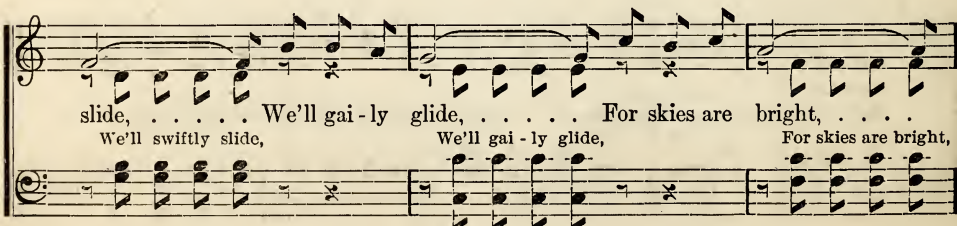


Ice-bound stream bright doth gleam, Winter reigning ev'rywhere, Welcome wintry days!  
 Coast is clear, naught we fear, Shouts shall ring on ev'-ry side, Welcome wintry days!  
 Far and near ech - o clear, None so gay and blithe as we, Welcome wintry days!

## CHORUS.



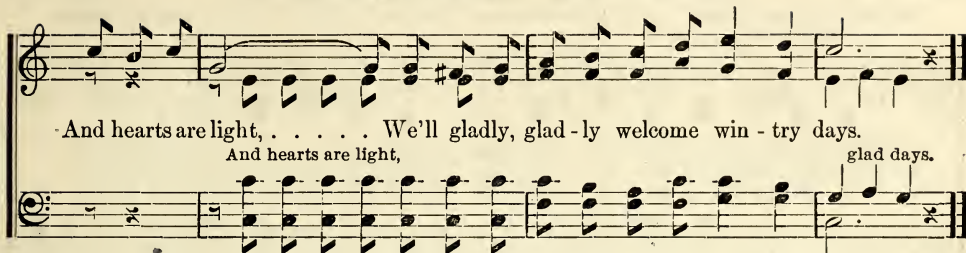
Then haste a - way! . . . . . Then haste a - way! . . . . . We'll swiftly  
 Then haste a - way! Then haste a - way!



slide, . . . . . We'll gai - ly glide, . . . . . For skies are bright, . . . . .  
 We'll swiftly slide, We'll gai - ly glide, For skies are bright,



# Coasting Song.—Concluded.



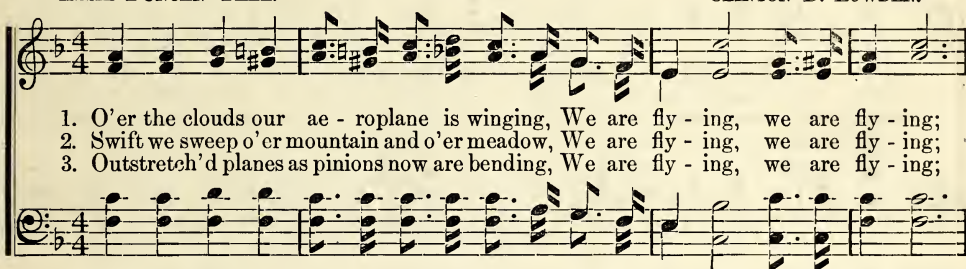
-And hearts are light, . . . . . We'll gladly, glad-ly welcome win-try days.  
 And hearts are light, glad days.

## No. 13.

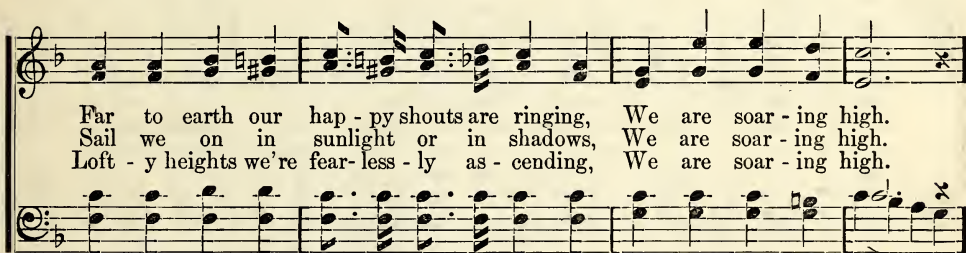
## Aeroplane Song.

ELSIE DUNCAN YALE.

CLINTON D. LOWDEN.

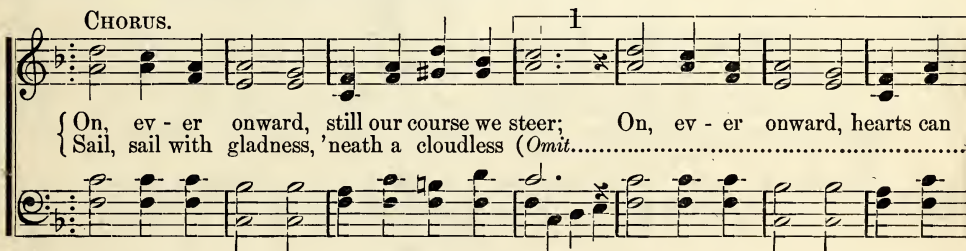


1. O'er the clouds our ae-roplane is winging, We are fly-ing, we are fly-ing;  
 2. Swift we sweep o'er mountain and o'er meadow, We are fly-ing, we are fly-ing;  
 3. Outstretch'd planes as pinions now are bending, We are fly-ing, we are fly-ing;

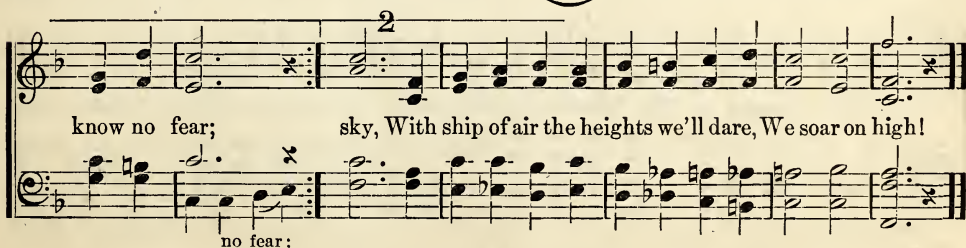


Far to earth our hap-py shouts are ringing, We are soar-ing high.  
 Sail we on in sunlight or in shadows, We are soar-ing high.  
 Loft-y heights we're fear-less-ly as-cending, We are soar-ing high.

### CHORUS.



{ On, ev-er onward, still our course we steer; On, ev-er onward, hearts can  
 { Sail, sail with gladness, 'neath a cloudless (omit.....)



know no fear; sky, With ship of air the heights we'll dare, We soar on high!  
 no fear;

# No. 14.

# Rowing, Not Drifting.

ELSIE DUNCAN YALE.

(A QUESTION AND ANSWER SONG.)

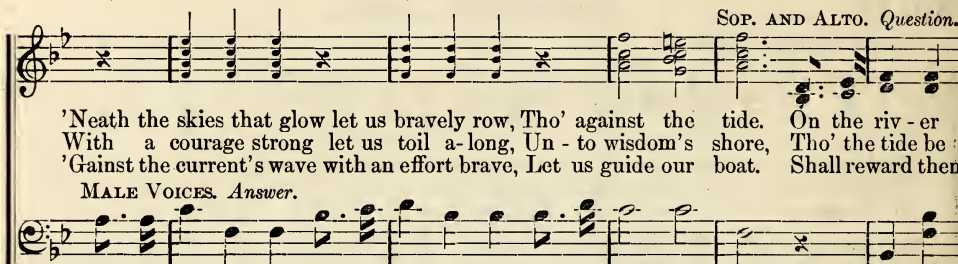
J. LINCOLN HALL.

SOP. AND ALTO. Question.



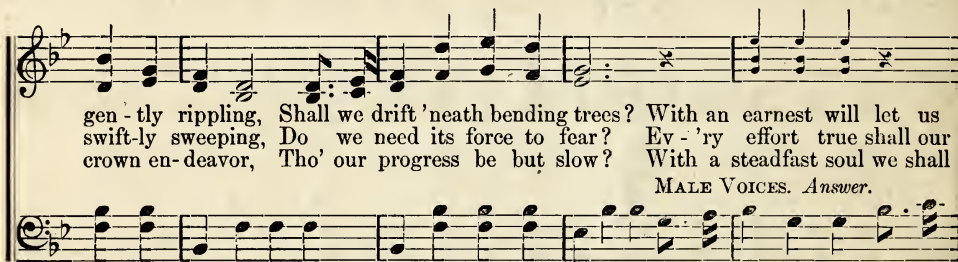
1. While the stream of life is flow - ing, Shall we ev - er dreaming glide?  
 2. While the stream of life is flow - ing, Shall we rest on ling'ring oar?  
 3. While the stream of life is flow - ing, Shall we wait where lil - ies float?

SOP. AND ALTO. Question.



'Neath the skies that glow let us bravely row, Tho' against the tide. On the riv - er  
 With a courage strong let us toil a-long, Un - to wisdom's shore, Tho' the tide be  
 'Gainst the current's wave with an effort brave, Let us guide our boat. Shall reward then

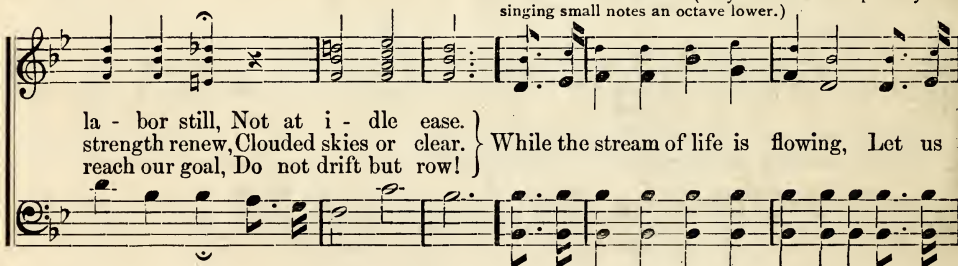
MALE VOICES. Answer.



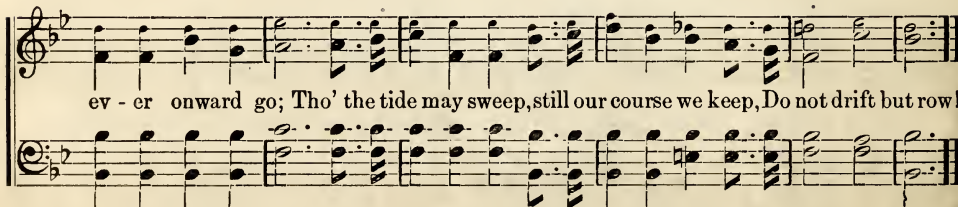
gen - tly rippling, Shall we drift 'neath bending trees? With an earnest will let us  
 swift - ly sweeping, Do we need its force to fear? Ev - 'ry effort true shall our  
 crown en - deavor, Tho' our progress be but slow? With a steadfast soul we shall

MALE VOICES. Answer.

\* TWO-PART CHORUS. (May be used as four parts by Alto singing small notes an octave lower.)



la - bor still, Not at i - dle ease. } While the stream of life is flowing, Let us  
 strength renew, Clouded skies or clear. }  
 reach our goal, Do not drift but row!



ev - er onward go; Tho' the tide may sweep, still our course we keep, Do not drift but row!

\* The lower note is the melody, and is to be sung by the school. The upper note (small) may be played, sung by a few selected voices or sung by the girls. In the latter case, the melody is sung by the boys.

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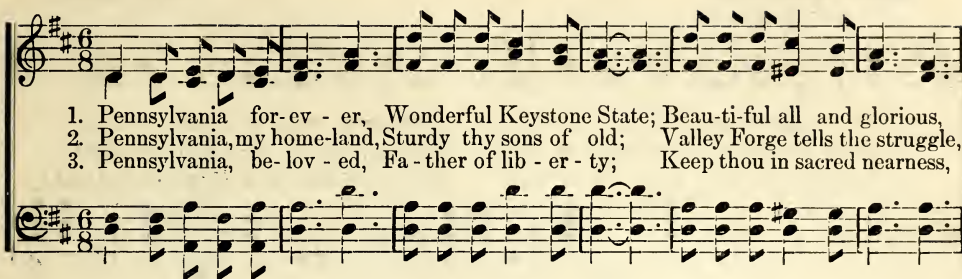


## No. 15.

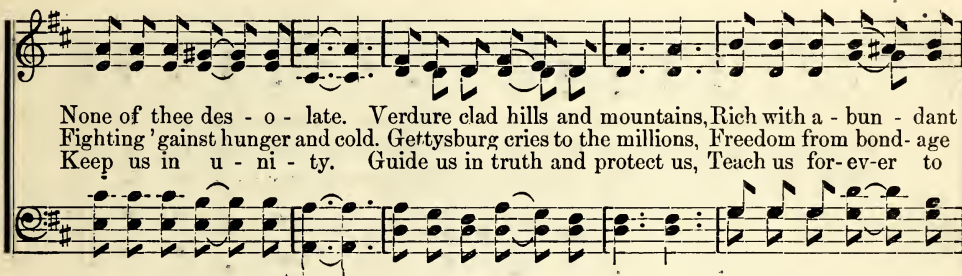
## Pennsylvania.

J. W. Y.

J. W. YODER.

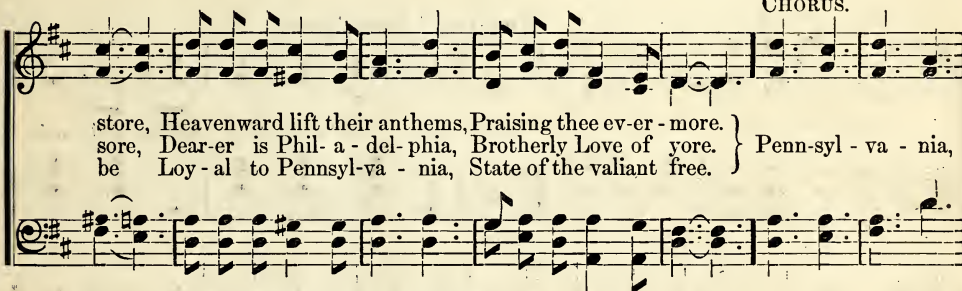


1. Pennsylvania for-ev - er, Wonderful Keystone State; Beau-ti-ful all and glorious,  
 2. Pennsylvania, my home-land, Sturdy thy sons of old; Valley Forge tells the struggle,  
 3. Pennsylvania, be-lov - ed, Fa - ther of lib - er - ty; Keep thou in sacred nearness,

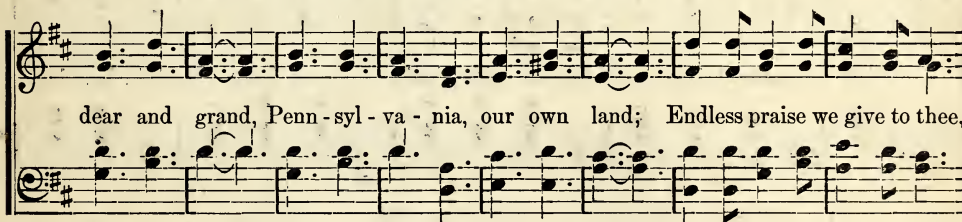


None of thee des - o - late. Verdure clad hills and mountains, Rich with a - bun - dant  
 Fighting 'gainst hunger and cold. Gettysburg cries to the millions, Freedom from bond-age  
 Keep us in u - ni - ty. Guide us in truth and protect us, Teach us for-ev-er to

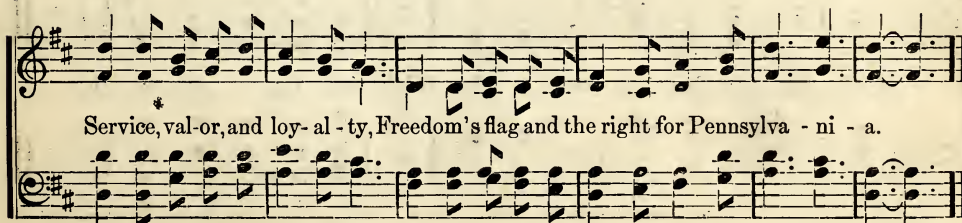
## CHORUS.



store, Heavenward lift their anthems, Praising thee ev-er - more.  
 sore, Dear-er is Phil - a - del - phia, Brotherly Love of yore. } Penn-syl - va - nia,  
 be Loy - al to Pennsylv - a - nia, State of the valiant free.



dear and grand, Penn-syl - va - nia, our own land; Endless praise we give to thee,



Service, val-or, and loy-al - ty, Freedom's flag and the right for Pennsylv - a - ni - a.

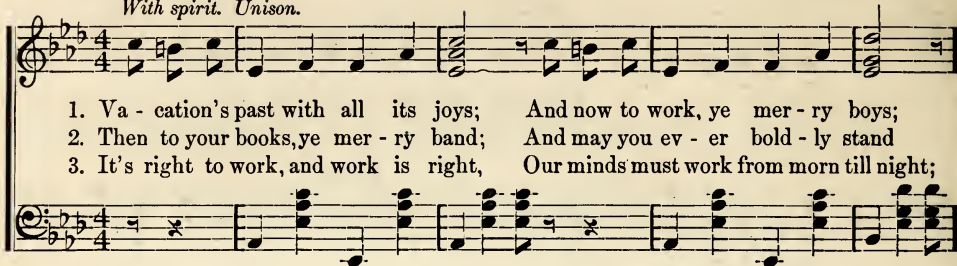


## No. 16.

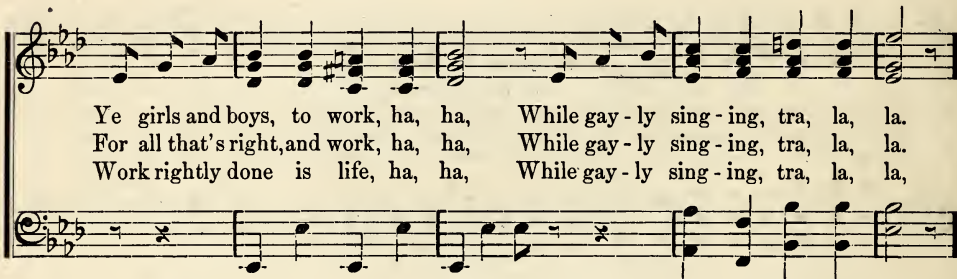
## Work and Sing.

HATTIE C. SHEFFER.

ADAM GEIBEL.

*With spirit. Unison.*


1. Va - cation's past with all its joys; And now to work, ye mer - ry boys;  
2. Then to your books, ye mer - ry band; And may you ev - er bold - ly stand  
3. It's right to work, and work is right, Our minds must work from morn till night;

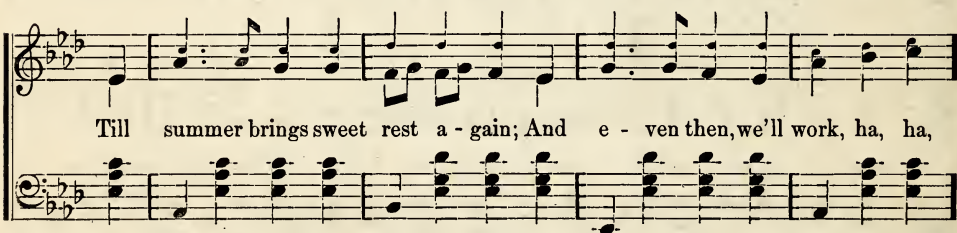


Ye girls and boys, to work, ha, ha, While gay - ly sing - ing, tra, la, la.  
For all that's right, and work, ha, ha, While gay - ly sing - ing, tra, la, la.  
Work rightly done is life, ha, ha, While gay - ly sing - ing, tra, la, la;

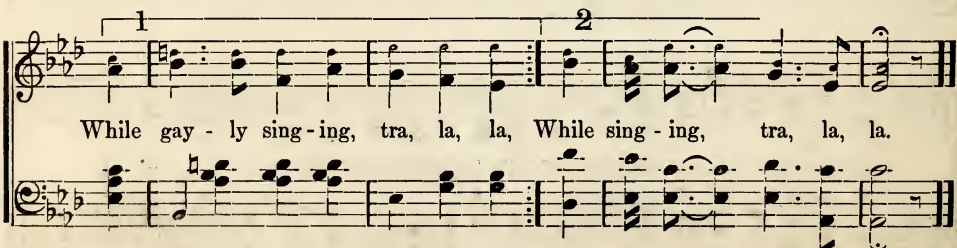
## REFRAIN. \* TWO-PARTS.



We'll go to work, with might and main,



Till summer brings sweet rest a - gain; And e - ven then, we'll work, ha, ha,



While gay - ly sing - ing, tra, la, la, While sing - ing, tra, la, la.

\* The lower notes are the melody, and may be sung by Male Voices. The upper notes may be sung by selected voices or Female Voices.

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## No. 17.

## Sail On.

H. L.

HALDOR LILLENAS.

1. Sail on, sail on, o - ver the o - cean wide Our boat doth swiftly glide,  
 2. Sail on, sail on, o - ver the o - cean deep, Now climbing billows steep,  
 3. Sail on, sail on, soon we shall be at home, We glide o'er crest and comb,

The storms we shall out - ride; Sail on, sail on, o - ver the deep blue tide,  
 Now thro' the white caps leap; Sail on, sail on, speedi - ly on we go,  
 Soon we no more shall roam; Sail on, sail on, in - to the port of peace,

The waves are lashing, the breakers dashing, Our boat is trust - y and tried.  
 Our helm is stead - y, our hands are read - y, And fear we nev - er can know.  
 Where sunbeams glimmer and wavelets shimmer, And roll - ing breakers shall cease.

CHORUS.

Sail on, sail on, swift as the wind we fly; Sail on, sail on,  
 we fly;

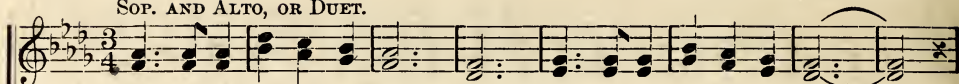
under the stormy sky; Sail on, sail on, under the stormy sky.  
 the sky: Swiftly we fly, under the sky,

## No. 18.

## Whispering Hope.

ALICE HAWTHORNE. Arr.

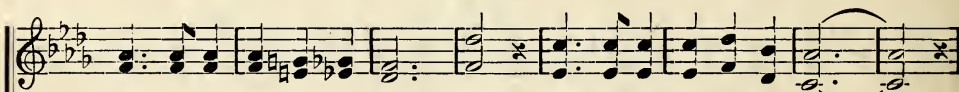
SOP. AND ALTO, OR DUET.



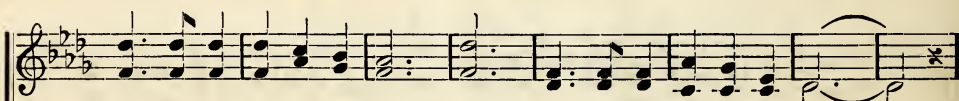
1. Soft as the voice of an an - gel, Breathing a les-son un - heard;  
2. If in the dusk of the twi - light Dim be the re-gion a - far,



Hope with a gen-tle per-sua - sion Whispers her comfort-ing word.  
Will not the deepen-ing dark - ness Brighten the glimmering star?

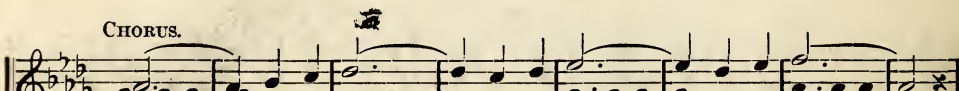


Wait till the darkness is o - ver, Wait till the tempest is done,  
Then when the night is up - on us, Why should the heart sink a - way?



Hope for the sunshine to-mor - row, Af - ter the shower is gone.  
When the dark midnight is o - ver, Watch for the breaking of day.

CHORUS.



Whis - - pering hope,..... O how wel - - come thy voice,.....  
Whispering hope, whispering hope, welcome thy voice, welcome thy voice,



# Whispering Hope.—Concluded.

Mak - - ing my heart..... in its sor - - row re - joice!.....  
 Making my heart, making my heart, sor - row, its sor - row O re - jicee!

## No. 19.

## Over Land and Sea.

(INDEPENDENCE DAY.)

ABT.

*Allegro.*

1. Let us loud - ly sing, Hill and val - ley ring, Sons of Free - dom, join the lay,  
 2. Let the might - y sound Thro' the world resound, That she fears no tyrant's sway,

And with heart and voice We will all re - joice, Hail Co - lum - bia's Na - tal Day!  
 And from shore to shore Let the can - nons roar, Hail Co - lum - bia's Na - tal Day!

CHORUS.

Shout and sing Co - lum - bia's free, Wave her flag o'er land and  
 Shout and sing Co - lum - bia's free, Wave her

sea! Shout and sing Co - lum - bia's free, Wave her flag o'er land and sea!  
 flag o'er land and sea!

## No. 20.

## The Soldiers of Our Land.

ELSIE DUNCAN YALE.

(SONG FOR DECORATION DAY.)

C. AUSTIN MILES.

SOP. AND ALTO. *In unison.*

1. When the breeze is soft - ly blowing O'er the fields with verdure bright, And the  
 2. Then our fairest flow'rs we're wreathing For the he - roes true and brave, And a  
 3. So our garlands fair we're twining, Far and wide our flags we fling, For the

sun of springtime glowing Fills the world with gold - en light, We would hon - or  
 whisper'd hope we're breathing As we strew each si - lent grave, That life's conflict  
 skies of peace are shining, And our country's songs we sing; To our na - tion  
 MALE VOICES.

ALL. *In unison.*

those now sleeping, Those who strove with heart and hand, Ev - er - more the mem'ry  
 finds us read - y, Ev - er staunch may we withstand, With the courage strong and  
 loy - al ev - er, All u - nit - ed may we stand, To the mem'ry true for -

CHORUS. *Parts.*

keep - ing Of the sol - diers of our land.  
 stead - y Of the sol - diers of our land.  
 ev - er Of the sol - diers of our land. } So our fairest flow'rs we're bringing On  
 While our starry banners fly - ing Shall

this Memor - ial Day, And our nation's songs are ringing, Their notes shall sound for aye; }  
 float on ev - 'ry (Omit.....)

# The Soldiers of Our Land.—Concluded.

2

hand, To tell their fame un - dy - ing, The sol - diers of our land.

## No. 21.

## The Bluebird.

ELSIE DUNCAN YALE.

CLINTON D. LOWDEN.

1. Her - alding spring and its glo - ry, Blue-bird fair; Tell - ing the summer's sweet  
2. Pin - ions of az - ure un - fold - ing, Wing thy flight; Glad - ly the blossoms be -  
3. Car - ol - ing ti - dings of gladness, Blithe - ly sing; Gone is the win - ter of

CHORUS.

LADIES' VOICES. *In unison.*

sto - ry, Sing ev - 'ry - where.  
holding, Blue-bird so bright, } Come from a - far on thy joy - ous wing,  
sadness, Hail, hail, O spring!

PARTS.

LADIES' VOICES.

Sing in sil - v'ry numbers, tell of gladsome spring; Come from a - far, with thy

PARTS.

car - ols sweet, The glo - ries of the spring to greet.  
the spring to greet.

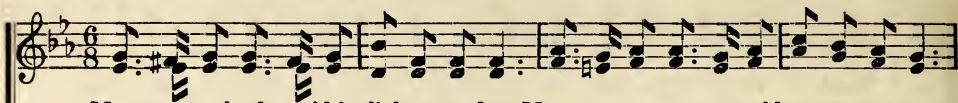


## No. 22.

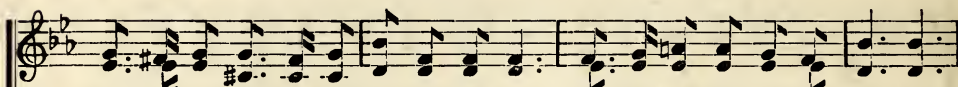
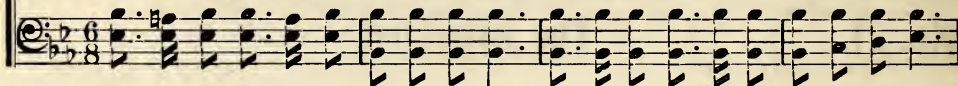
## Helping Each Other.

T. M. EASTWOOD.

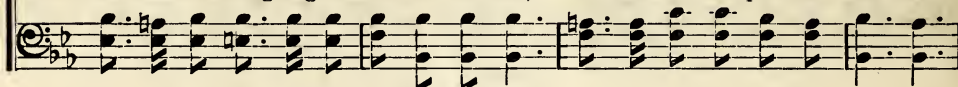
C. AUSTIN MILES.



1. Ma - ny a load would be lighter to-day, Ma - ny a sorrow would soon pass away,
2. Life would be sweeter and full-er of joy. Hearts would be purer and cleans'd from alloy,
3. Earth would become like to heaven above, Ev - er around float the sunshine of love,
4. O what a happy, bright world this would be. Hap - py to all whether bondmen or free,



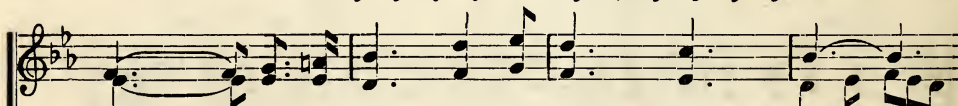
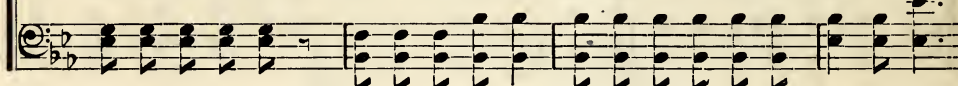
Ma - ny a night would be turn'd in - to day, If we would help one an - oth - er.  
 We would have ho - ly and bless - ed em - ploy, If we would help one an - oth - er.  
 In ev - 'ry soul be the peace of the dove, If we would help one an - oth - er.  
 God would be reigning from riv - er to sea, If we would help one an - oth - er.



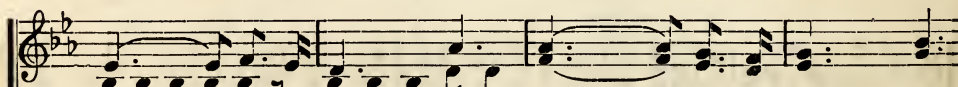
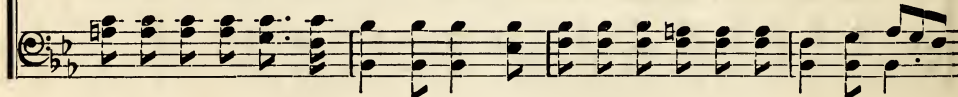
## CHORUS.



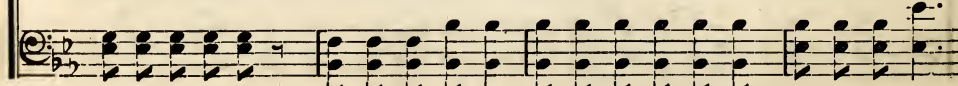
Help . . . . one an - oth - er, help . . . . one an - oth - er,  
 Help one an - oth - er, help one an - oth - er, Help one an - oth - er a - long life's way;



Help . . . . one an - oth - er from day to day; . . .  
 Help one an - oth - er from day to day, Yes, help one an - oth - er from day to day;



Help . . . . one an - oth - er, help . . . . one an - oth - er,  
 Help one an - oth - er, help one an - oth - er, Help one an - oth - er and nev - er say "nay;"



# Helping Each Other.—Concluded.

Help one an - oth - er and nev - er, nev - er say "nay."  
 Help one an - oth - er, Help one an - oth - er and nev - er, nev - er say "nay."

## No. 23.

## Maytime.

ELSIE DUNCAN YALE.

C. HAROLD LOWDEN.

1. May comes tripping o'er the meadows, Blossoms crown her brow; Sunlight  
 2. May comes, woodlands all a - wak - ing, Dai - sies star the plain; Swift their  
 3. May comes, fair - est flow - ers bringing, Streams are gliding by; Lo, the

### CHORUS.

drives a-way the shadows, Birds are nesting now. } Then hail, hail to thee!  
 southern skies for - sak - ing, Swallows come a - gain. } Then hail, hail to thee!  
 lark his flight is winging, Car - ols ring on high!

For the birds their songs are trill - ing; We greet thee with song, Fill'd with  
 For the spring each soul is thrilling; (Omit..... we greet with song,

joy is each bright day; We greet thee with song, O golden month of May!  
 bright day;

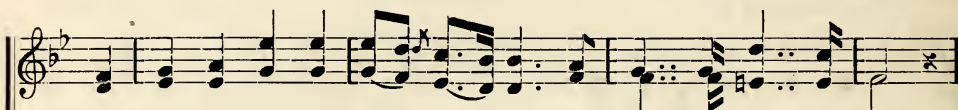
## No. 24.

## Then You'll Remember Me.

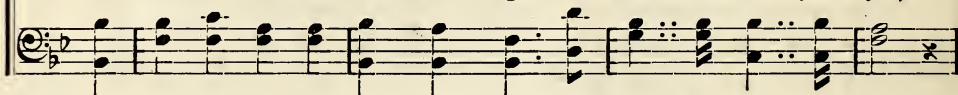
Words and music by M. W. BALFE.

*Andante cantabile.*

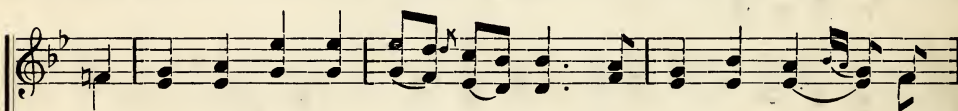
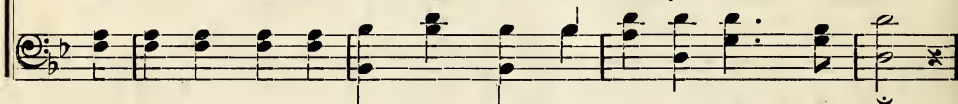
1. When oth - er lips and oth - er hearts Their tales of love shall tell,  
 2. When coldness of de - ceit shall slight The beau - ty now they prize,



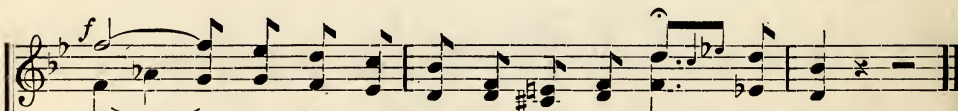
In language whose ex - cess im - parts The pow'r they feel so well,  
 And deem it but a fad - ed light Which beams with-in your eyes;



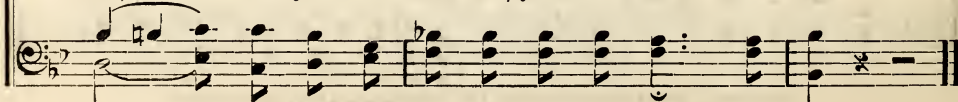
There may, per - haps, in such a scene Some rec - ol - lec - tion be  
 When hol - low hearts shall wear a mask 'Twill break your own to see:



Of days that have as hap - py been, And you'll re - mem - ber  
 In such a mo - ment I but ask That you'll re - mem - ber



me, . . . . And you'll re - mem - ber, you'll re - mem - ber me.  
 me, . . . . That you'll re - mem - ber, you'll re - mem - ber me.



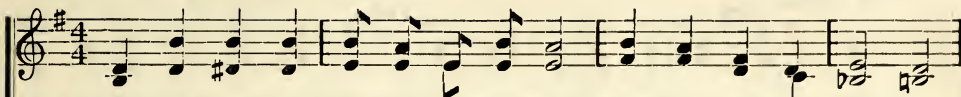


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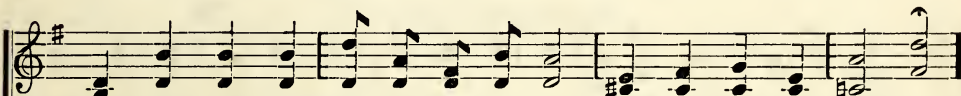
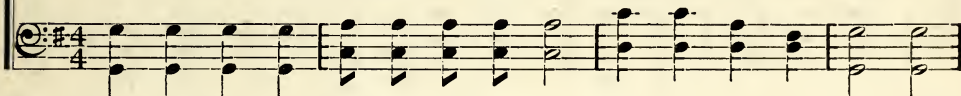
## The Water Lilies.

GRACE GORDON.

J. LINCOLN HALL.



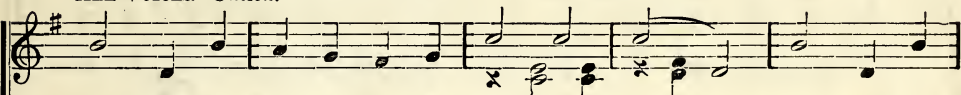
1. Rest - ing 'neath the wil - lows bending low, Float - ing o'er the riv - er,  
 2. Sway - ing in the mer - ry morning breeze, In the sun - light gleaming,  
 3. Blossoms fair with gladness we be - hold, Fragrance far be - stow - ing;



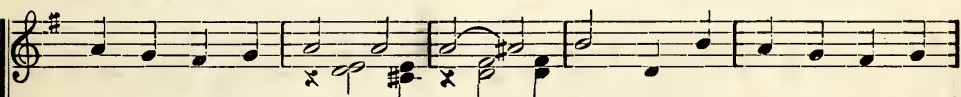
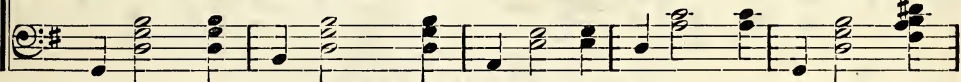
Fair and bright the wa - ter lil - ies grow, Where the sunbeams quiv - er.  
 Shin - ing 'neath the gen - tly rustling trees, Thro' the noontide dreaming.  
 Pure as snow, their pet - als bright un - fold, Gold - en heart is glow - ing.



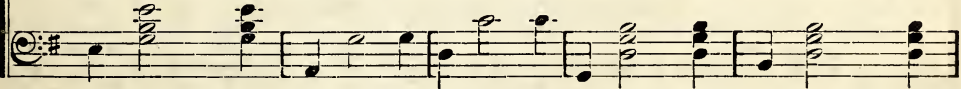
CHORUS. (From Sir EDWARD ELGAR.)

ALL VOICES. *Unison.*

Sweet is your message, O ye lil - ies bright, Bid us strive



ev - er till we reach the light; Dark tho' our way, yet waits the

*Parts.*

sun - shine bright; Lil - ies fair, joy - ous hope ye bring. . . . .  
 what joy - ous hope ye bring, bright hope ye bring.



Fair, joy - ous hope ye bring.....

## No. 26.

## The Two Roses.

WERNER.

*mf Andante.* *cres.* *p*

1. On a bank two ros - es fair, Wet with morning showers, Fill'd with dew, in  
 2. This in leaves of white arrayed, Not a speck to dim them, So I find the  
 3. Like her cheeks the blushing ray Which thy bud en - clos - es; Brighter far than

fragrance grew, As I, pen - sive, full of care, Gather'd two sweet flow - ers.  
 spot - less mind Which adorns my spot - less maid, In - no - cen - ce's em - blem.  
 you they are; But her charms, if I should say, You'd be jeal - ous, ros - es.

*mf* *cres.* *p*

Tell me, ros - es, tru - ly tell, If my fair one loves me well.

## No. 27.

## Lead, Kindly Light.

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN.

Rev. J. B. DYKES.

1. Lead, kindly Light, a - mid th' encircling gloom, Lead thou me on! The night is  
 2. I was not ev - er thus, nor pray'd that thou Shouldst lead me on; I loved to  
 3. So long thy pow'r hath blest me, sure it still Will lead me on O'er moor and

*p* *cres.*

dark, and I am far from home; Lead thou me on! Keep thou my feet; I  
 choose and see my path; but now Lead thou me on! I loved the gar - ish  
 fen, o'er crag and torrent, till The night is gone, And with the morn those

# Lead, Kindly Light.—Concluded.

do not ask to see, The dis - tant scene; one step e - nough for me.  
 day, and, spite of fears, Pride ruled my will. Remember not past years!  
 an - gel fa - ces smile Which I have loved long since, and lost a - while.

## No. 28.

## In the Gloaming.

META ORRED.  
*Andante.*

ANNIE F. HARRISON.

1. In the gloaming, O my darling, when the lights are dim and low, And the qui - et  
 2. In the gloaming, O my darling, think not bit - ter - ly of me, 'Though I pass'd a -

*rall.* *agitato.*  
 shad - ows fall - ing, softly come and soft - ly go, When the winds are sobbing faintly  
 way in silence, left you lonely, set you free, For my heart was crush'd with longing;

*con anima.*  
 with a gen - tle unknown woe, Will you think of me and love me, As you did once  
 what had been could never be. It was best to leave you thus, dear, Best for you and

1 2 *rall.* *cres.*  
 long a - go. :||  
 best for . . . me, It was best to leave you thus, Best for you and best for me.



*Con spirito.*

1. Y'heave ho! My lads, the wind blows free, A pleas-ant gale is on our  
 2. The sail-or's life is bold and free, His home is on the roll-ing  
 3. The tide is flow-ing with the gale, Y'heave ho! My lads, set ev-ry

lee; And soon a-cross the o-cean clear Our gal-lant bark shall  
 sea; And nev-er heart more true or brave Than his who launch-es  
 sail; The har-bor bar we soon shall clear; Fare-well once more to

brave-ly steer; But ere we part from England's shores to-night, A song we'll  
 on the wave; A-far he speeds in dis-tant climes to roam, With joc-und  
 home so dear, For when the tem-pest rag-es loud and long, That home shall

## CHORUS.

sing for home and beauty bright.  
 song he rides the sparkling foam. } Then here's to the sailor, and here's to the heart so true,  
 be our guiding star and song. }

*ad lib.*

Who will think of him upon the waters blue? Sailing, sailing, over the bounding main;

## Sailing.—Concluded.

For ma-ny a stormy wind shall blow ere Jack comes home again; Sailing, sailing,

*ad lib.*

over the bounding main; For many a stormy wind shall blow ere Jack comes home again.

The musical score consists of two systems of staves. The first system has a treble staff with a melody and a bass staff with chords. The second system continues the melody and chords, with the instruction 'ad lib.' above the treble staff.

## No. 30.

## Aura Lee.

*p Dolce.* *cres.*

1. As the black-bird in the spring, 'Neath the wil - low tree Sat and pip'd, I  
2. On her cheek the rose was born; There was music when she spake; In her eyes the

*cres.* *mf* CHORUS.

heard him sing, Sing - ing Au - ra Lee. } Au - ra Lee! Au - ra Lee!  
rays of morn, With sudden splendor break. }

*cres.* *p*

Maid of golden hair! Sunshine came a-long with thee, And swallows in the air.

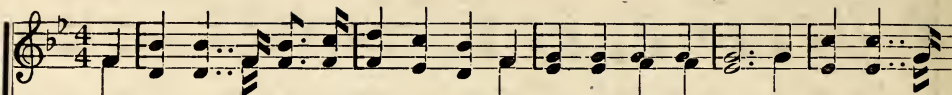
The musical score for 'No. 30. Aura Lee.' is in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It features a piano introduction with a crescendo, followed by two verses of lyrics. The chorus begins with a mezzo-forte (mf) dynamic and includes the lyrics 'Au - ra Lee! Au - ra Lee!'. The score concludes with a piano (p) section and a final crescendo.

## No. 31.

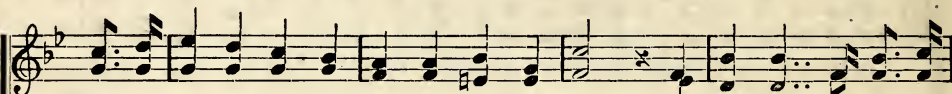
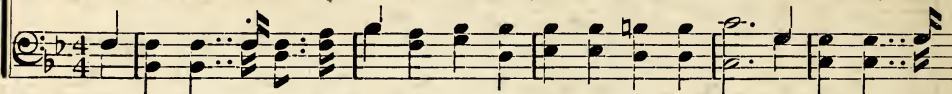
## The Northwind.

GRACE GORDON.

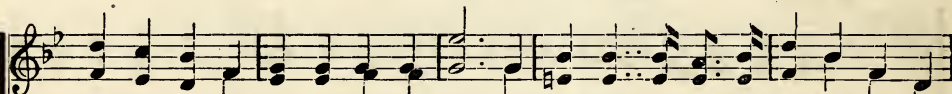
ADAM GEIBEL.



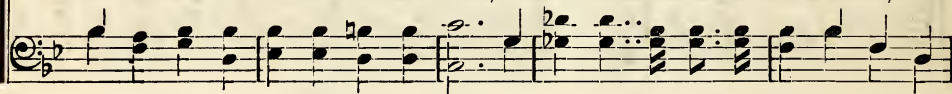
1. The northwind awakes 'mid glitt' ring plains, Where feath' ry snowflakes fall, It fet- ters the
2. The northwind awakes 'mid ice and snow, And sweeps o'er frozen waste, O'er mountain and
3. The northwind awakes 'mid gleaming frost, Its path is chill and drear, And wild- ly the



fields in i - cy chains, Its fear is o - ver all; The riv - ers that sang are  
peaks its wild blasts blow, On swiftest wing to haste; The icebergs a - drift a -  
trees their branches toss'd, All leafless now and sere; It whistles a - cross the



hush'd and still, The birds to south are fled, A mantle so white has veil'd each hill, The  
far to sea, The waves toss high in spray, The northwind awakes in joyous glee, And  
fro - zen lakes Where dash the skaters bold, The northwind in arc - tic lands awakes, And



REFRAIN. (Adapted from Verdi.)

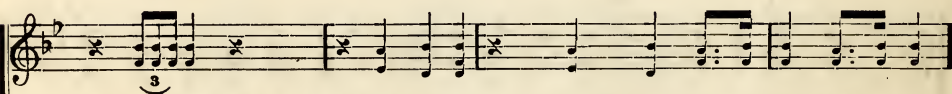


flow'rs, a - las, are dead.  
takes its boist'rous way. } *Inst.*  
brings its chill and cold. }

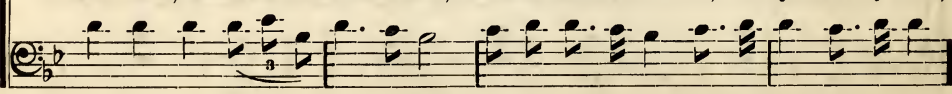
Then blow thou, nev - er thy



BOYS. Unison.



blast we fear, Clouded the skies and drear, Hearts are fill'd with cheer; We rejoice at thy voice,





# The Northwind.—Concluded.

GIRLS. Unison.

Glad we greet thee; Then blow thou, never thy blast we fear, Clouded the skies and drear,

ALL. Parts.

Hearts are fill'd with cheer; We re-joice at thy voice, Greeting would bring. bring.

## No. 32.

## Auld Lang Syne.

ROBERT BURNS.

*Moderato.*

Scotch Air.

1. Should auld acquaintance be forgot, And never brought to mind? Should auld acquaintance  
2. We twa ha'e run about the braes, And pu'd the gowans fine, We've wander'd mony a  
3. We twa ha'e sported i' the burn, Frae mornin' sun till dine, But seas between us  
4. And here's a hand, my trusty frien', And gie's a hand o' thine, We'll tak' a cup o'

be for-got, And days of auld lang syne?  
wea-ry foot Sin' auld lang syne.  
braid ha'e roar'd Sin' auld lang syne.  
kindness yet, For auld lang syne. } For auld lang syne, my dear, For

auld lang syne, We'll tak' a cup o' kind-ness yet, For auld lang syne.

## No. 33.

## The Breeze of the Morn.

ELSIE DUNCAN YALE.

ADAM GEIBEL.

SOLO, (or Girls in Unison.)

1. The breeze of the morn so ten - der - ly Is whispring in dawn's first hours, While  
 2. The breeze of the morn so ea - ger - ly Is seeking the o - cean foam, And  
 3. The breeze of the morn so won - drously A message of love shall bear, For

blossoms are wak - ing joy - ous - ly We greet them in gar - den bowers.  
 speeding the ships o'er sun - lit sea To hav - en and har - bor home.  
 gladness is giv'n so bounteous - ly And blessings we all shall share.

## CHORUS.

Breathe gently, O breeze of the morn - ing, The world from its slumbers a - wake,

The skies are with glories a - dorn - ing, And fetters of darkness shall break;

Breathe softly, O breeze of the morn - ing, We welcome thy tidings of love;



## The Breeze of the Morn.—Concluded.

Our souls all their bondage now scorning, We lift to the Father a - bove..

## No. 34. Columbia, God Preserve Thee Free!

JOSEPH HAYDN.

1. Ark of freedom! Glory's dwell-ing! Columbia, God preserve thee free!  
 2. Land of high, he-ro-ic glo-ry: Land whose touch bid slav-'ry flee:  
 3. Vain-ly 'gainst thine arm con-tend-ing, Ty-rants know thy might, and flee.

When the storms are round thee swell-ing, Let thy heart be strong in thee,  
 Land whose name is writ in sto-ry, Rock and ref-uge of the free;  
 Free-dom's cause on earth de-fend-ing, Man has set his hope on thee;

God is with thee, wrong re-pell-ing: He a-lone thy champion be.  
 Ours thy greatness—ours thy glo-ry; We will e'er be true to thee.  
 Widening glo-ry—peace un-end-ing—Thy re-ward and portion be.

Ark of Freedom! Glo-ry's dwelling! Colum-bia, God preserve thee free!



## No. 35.

## The Autumn's Voice.

LOUELLA LEONARD.

ADAM GEIBEL.

1. O the autumn's voice to us is blithely calling,  
 2. O the autumn's voice from field and forest sounding,  
 3. O the autumn's voice our tasks again is bringing,  
 Calling,  
 Sounding,  
 Bringing,

calling,  
 sounding,  
 bringing,  
 O'er the hills and vales the autumn glories falling,  
 And the golden hours with joys are all abounding,  
 And the days of du-ties swiftly now are winging,

CHORUS. *Unison.*

Hap - py hearts now are glad and gay. Autumn days, birds are blithely

sing - ing, Notes are ring - ing, gladness bring - ing; Hark, the bells echoes now are

fling - ing, Hail the autumn's gold - en hours! Hail the autumn's golden hours!

## No. 36.

## Forth to Our Tasks.

GRACE GORDON.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

Forth to our tasks with courage ever loy - al, true; He who would win must falter

nev - er, dare and do; Labor with heart and hand fore - er, glad - ly toil - ing;

FINE. SOP. AND ALTO.

Forth with joy in youth's fair morn. { 1. Hours of happy toiling shall with joy be  
2. Hours of happy la - bor rich reward shall

filled, Hours of use - ful learning lead to hope ful - filled; Schooldays now are  
gain, For each strong endeavor shall its hope at - tain; Swift - ly now the

D. C.

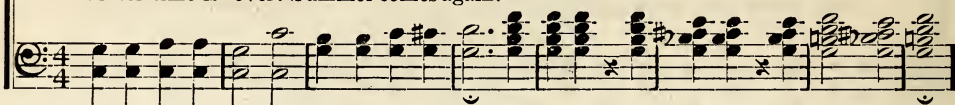
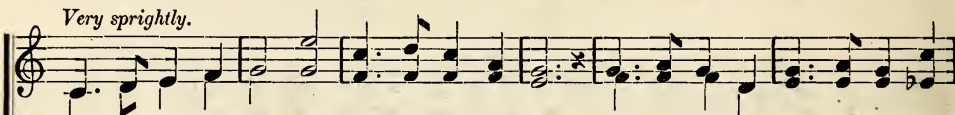
fleeting fast, Soon will they be past; Let us strive with all our pow'rs In youth's bright hours.  
moments wing, Gladsome joy to bring; Let us strive in sun and show'rs In youth's bright hours.

## No. 37.

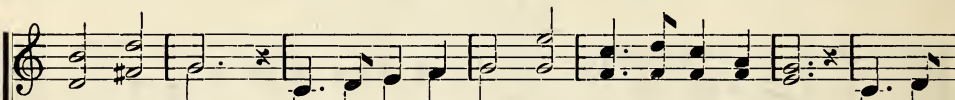
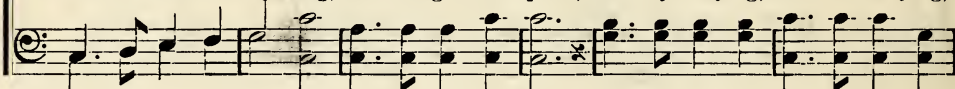
## Summer Comes Again.

ELSIE DUNCAN YALE.

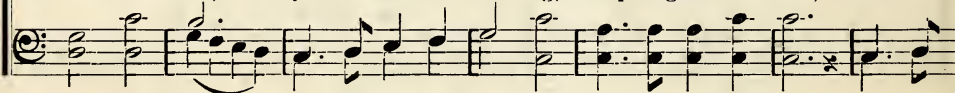
J. LINCOLN HALL.

INTRO. *Moderato.**rit.**a tempo.**tr.*Winter time is over! Summer comes again! *Instrument.**Very sprightly.*

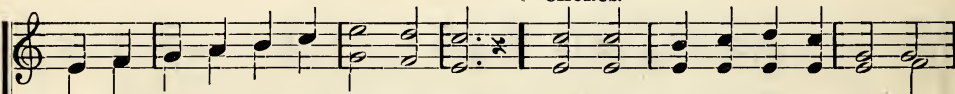
1. Sings the rippling riv - er, hast'ning to the sea, 'Mid the shadows, 'mid the meadows,
2. Sings the skylark soar - ing in the az - ure height, Sil - ver sounding songs resounding,
3. Breathes the breeze rejoicing, murm'ring o'er the plain, Gen - tly straying, branches swaying,



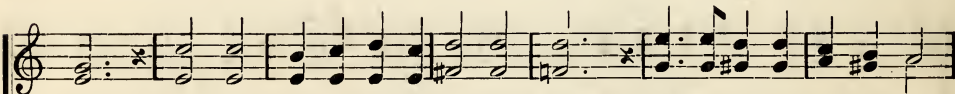
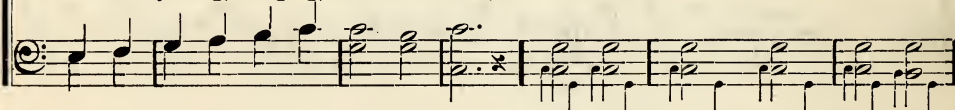
flow - ing free; Where the willows quiv - er, bending fair a - bove, List the  
 car - ols bright; List the praise a - dor - ing where our steps may rove, List the  
 sweet re - frain; Joy of summer voic - ing, whisp'ring soft a - bove, List the



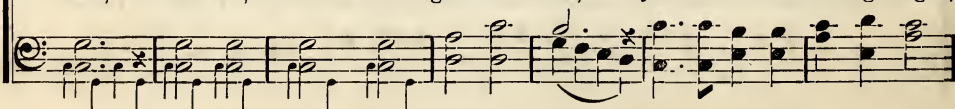
CHORUS.



rippling riv - er singing, God is love. } List we, summer voic - es sound so  
 skylark soaring, singing, God is love. }  
 breeze re - joicing, singing, God is love. }



clear; List we, summer voices glad we hear; Days are fill'd with blessings bright,





# Summer Comes Again.—Concluded.

End - ed now is win - try night; List the summer voic - es singing, God is love.

## No. 38.

## A Rose Song.

ELSIE DUNCAN YALE.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. Roses in gardens glowing, Fragrance afar be - stowing, Sway with the breezes blowing,  
2. Roses in splendor gleaming, Cloudless the skies are beaming, Sunlight afar is streaming,  
3. Roses, your incense bearing, Love of the King declaring, Blessings the world is sharing,

CHORUS. *Unison.* *Parts.*  
Gift of the gladsome June. Ros - es, ros - es, bright is your beautiful hue,

Ros - es, ros - es, blooming 'neath skies that are blue; Ros - es, ros - es,

hope ev'ry heart shall renew; Gift from above, token of love, Bloom for your King, O roses!

# No. 39.

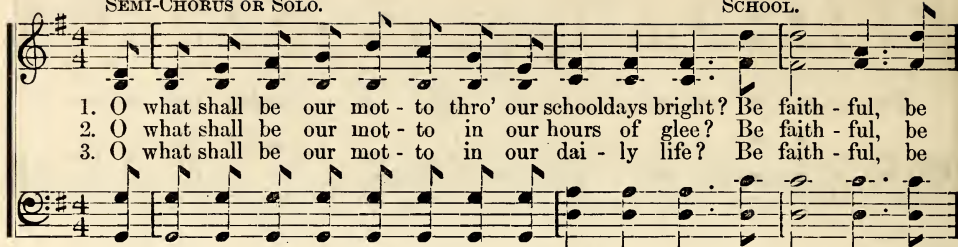
# Be Faithful.

GRACE GORDON.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

SEMI-CHORUS OR SOLO.

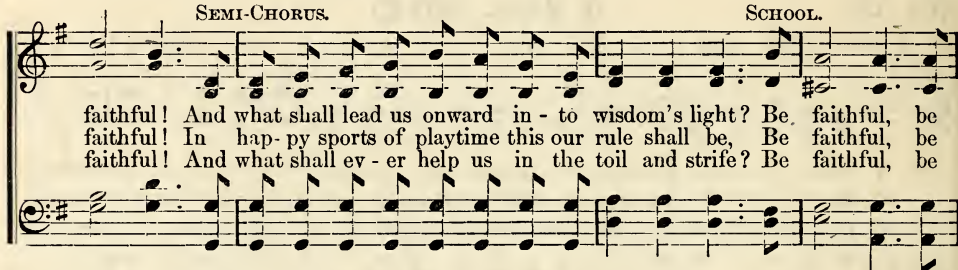
SCHOOL.



1. O what shall be our mot - to thro' our schooldays bright? Be faith - ful, be  
 2. O what shall be our mot - to in our hours of glee? Be faith - ful, be  
 3. O what shall be our mot - to in our dai - ly life? Be faith - ful, be

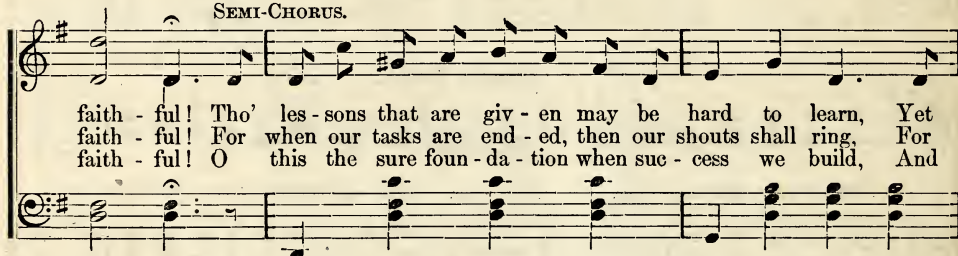
SEMI-CHORUS.

SCHOOL.



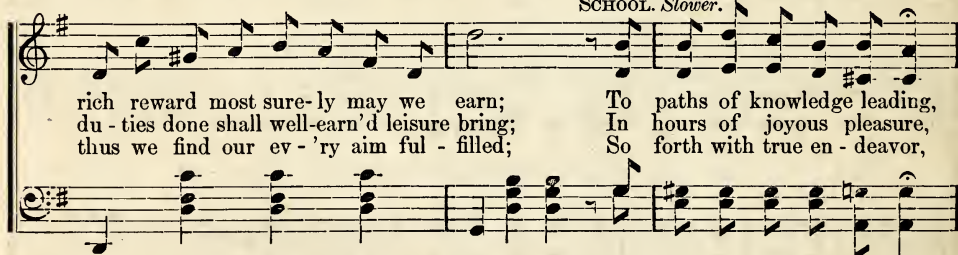
faithful! And what shall lead us onward in - to wisdom's light? Be, faithful, be  
 faithful! In hap - py sports of playtime this our rule shall be, Be faithful, be  
 faithful! And what shall ev - er help us in the toil and strife? Be faithful, be

SEMI-CHORUS.



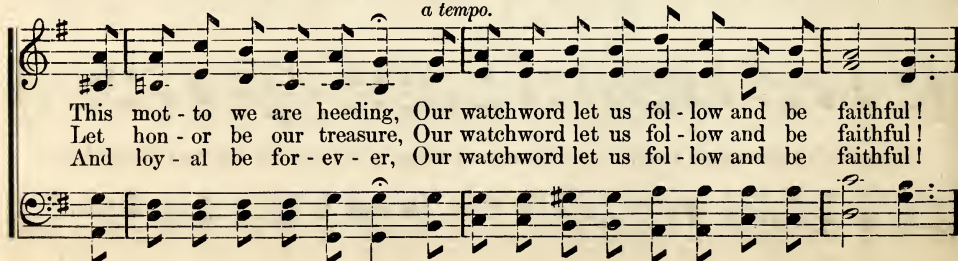
faith - ful! Tho' les - sons that are giv - en may be hard to learn, Yet  
 faith - ful! For when our tasks are end - ed, then our shouts shall ring, For  
 faith - ful! O this the sure foun - da - tion when suc - cess we build, And

SCHOOL. *Slower.*



rich reward most sure - ly may we earn; To paths of knowledge leading,  
 du - ties done shall well - earn'd leisure bring; In hours of joyous pleasure,  
 thus we find our ev - ry aim ful - filled; So forth with true en - deavor,

*a tempo.*



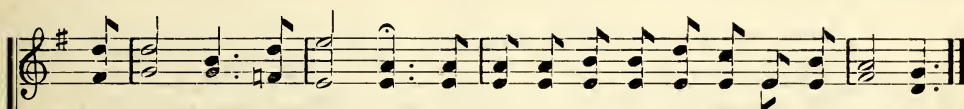
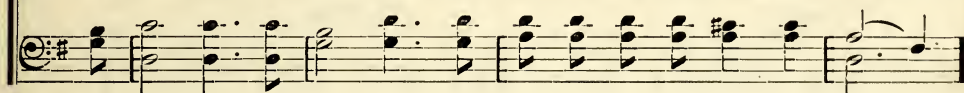
This mot - to we are heeding, Our watchword let us fol - low and be faithful!  
 Let hon - or be our treasure, Our watchword let us fol - low and be faithful!  
 And loy - al be for - ev - er, Our watchword let us fol - low and be faithful!

# Be Faithful.—Concluded.

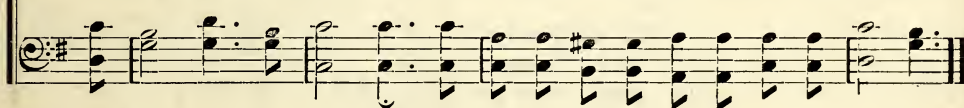
CHORUS.



Be faith - ful, be faith - ful! Be this our mot - to tried and true;



Be faith - ful, be faith - ful! Our watchword ev - er fol - low and be faithful!

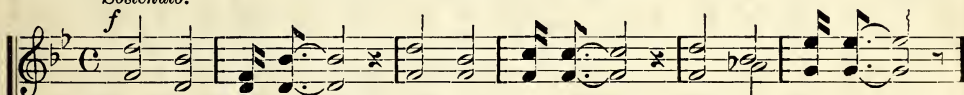


## No. 40.

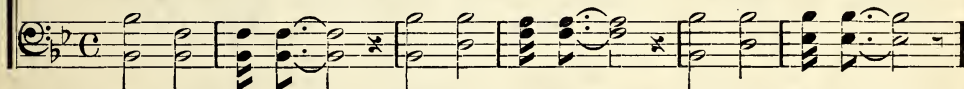
## Good-Night, Ladies.

*Sostenuto.*

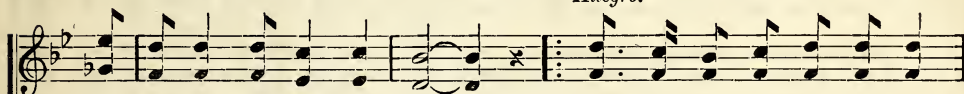
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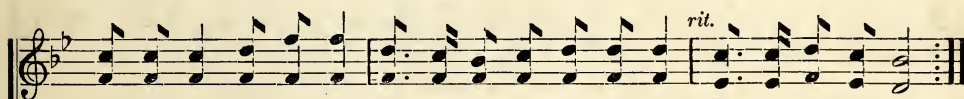
- |                             |                          |                          |
|-----------------------------|--------------------------|--------------------------|
| 1. Good-night, la - dies!   | Good-night, la - dies!   | Good-night, la - dies!   |
| 2. Fare - well, la - dies!  | Fare - well, la - dies!  | Fare - well, la - dies!  |
| 3. Sweet dreams, la - dies! | Sweet dreams, la - dies! | Sweet dreams, la - dies! |



*Allegro.*



We're go - ing to leave you now. Mer - ri - ly we roll a - long,



roll a - long, roll a - long, Mer - ri - ly we roll a - long, O'er the dark blue sea.





# No. 41. Morning with the Birds and Flowers.

ELSIE DUNCAN YALE.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

## INTRODUCTION.

*ad lib.*

*pp* (Dawn.)

(The Birds.)

*rit.* *cres.*

(Birds and Flowers.)

*pp*

1. Wake, for the morning flings her banners fair, Dawn in the east is gleaming,

2. Wake, for the morning sheds her golden rays, Birds in the azure winging,
3. Wake, for the morn with dew the flow'rs has pearl'd, Ros - es so fair are twining,

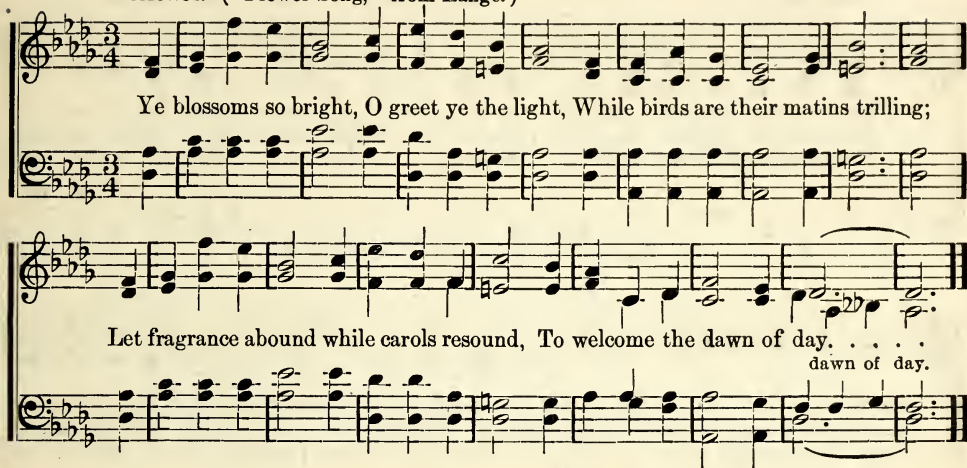
Bright skies are bending, glad songs ascending, Ev - 'rywhere; For the dawn of day is  
Up - ward are soaring, joyous, a - doring, Yield their praise; For the dawn of day is  
Sun - light is streaming, glory is gleaming, Wake, glad world; For the dawn of day is

*rit.*

breaking, All the birds and blossoms waking.

# Morning with Birds and Flowers.—Concluded.

CHORUS. ("Flower Song," from Lange.)



Ye blossoms so bright, O greet ye the light, While birds are their matins trilling;

Let fragrance abound while carols resound, To welcome the dawn of day. . . . .  
dawn of day.


## No. 42.

## Cold Water for Me.

J. H. K.

*Allegro.*

J. H. KURZENKNABE



1. Cold water, cold water for me; There's nothing so pure and so free As good cold  
2. I'm sure that there's nothing can give The strength which we need while we live, Like pure cold  
3. Nor am I a-lone in my choice; There's many an ech-o-ing voice Will praise cold

wa-ter, good cold wa-ter; I'll go to the brook or the spring, And o-ver its  
wa-ter, pure cold wa-ter; And quick to the brook or the spring I'll hasten, and  
wa-ter, praise cold wa-ter; We'll run to the brook and the spring, And over their

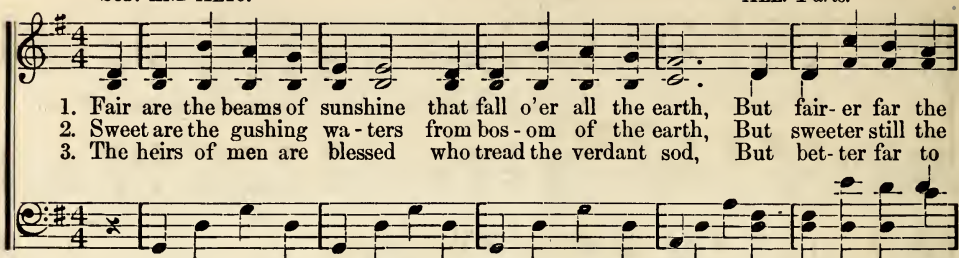
bubbles I'll sing, Cold water, cold water for me, Cold water, cold water for me.  
mer-ri-ly sing, Cold water, cold water for me, Cold water, cold water for me.  
bubbles we'll sing, Cold water, cold water for me, Cold water, cold water for me.



# No. 43. Blessings in the Flowers.

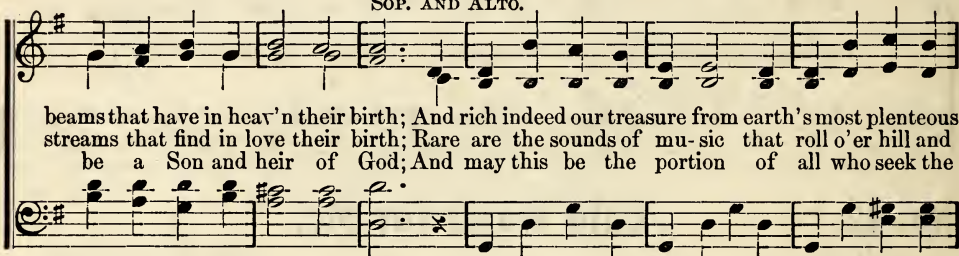
C. AUSTIN MILES.  
\* SOP. AND ALTO.

ALFRED JUDSON.  
ALL. Parts.



1. Fair are the beams of sunshine that fall o'er all the earth, But fair-er far the  
2. Sweet are the gushing wa-ters from bos-om of the earth, But sweeter still the  
3. The heirs of men are blessed who tread the verdant sod, But bet-ter far to

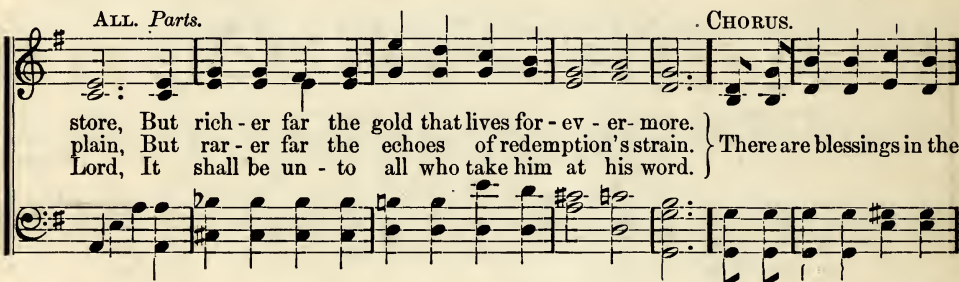
SOP. AND ALTO.



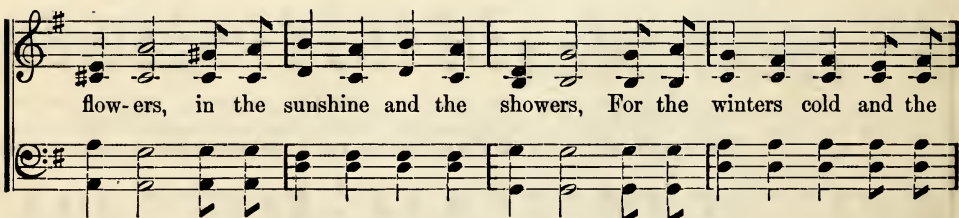
beams that have in heav'n their birth; And rich indeed our treasure from earth's most plenteous  
streams that find in love their birth; Rare are the sounds of mu-sic that roll o'er hill and  
be a Son and heir of God; And may this be the portion of all who seek the

ALL. Parts.

CHORUS.

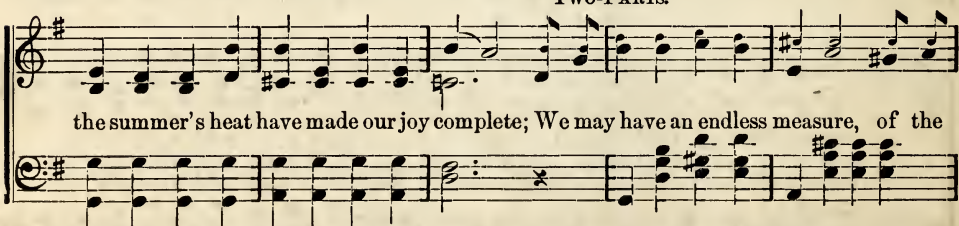


store, But rich-er far the gold that lives for-ev-er-more.  
plain, But rar-er far the echoes of redemption's strain. } There are blessings in the  
Lord, It shall be un-to all who take him at his word. }



flow-ers, in the sunshine and the showers, For the winters cold and the

\*\* TWO-PARTS.



the summer's heat have made our joy complete; We may have an endless measure, of the

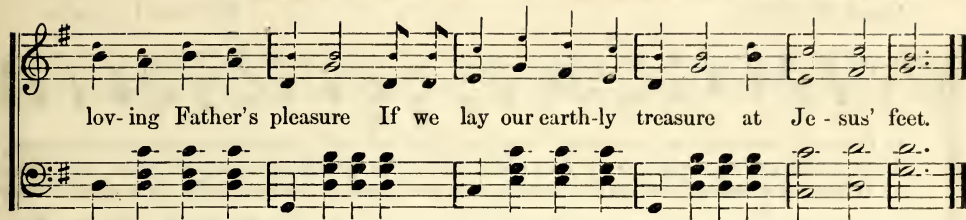
\* The school may be divided, one half singing first and third lines, balance second and fourth lines.

\*\* The lower note is the melody, and is to be sung by the school. The upper note (small) may be played, sung by a few selected voices or sung by the girls. In the latter case, the melody is sung by the boys.

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# Blessings in the Flowers.—Concluded.



lov-ing Father's pleasure If we lay our earth-ly treasure at Je-sus' feet.

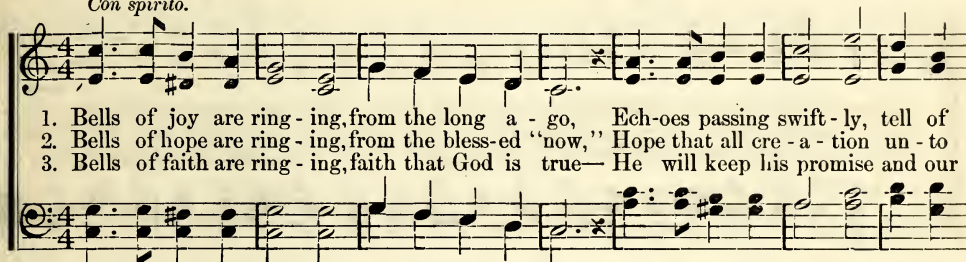
## No. 44.

## Bells of Long Ago.

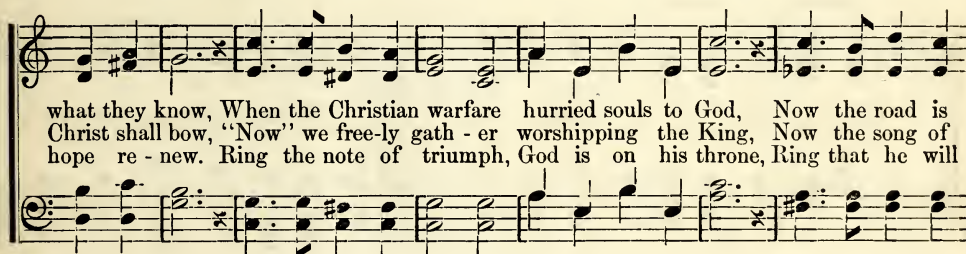
C. AUSTIN MILES.

JOHN J. THOMAS.

*Con spirito.*

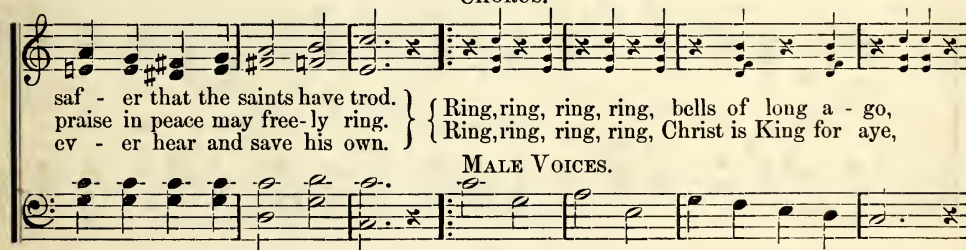


1. Bells of joy are ring-ing, from the long a-go, Ech-oes passing swift-ly, tell of  
2. Bells of hope are ring-ing, from the bless-ed "now," Hope that all ere-a-tion un-to  
3. Bells of faith are ring-ing, faith that God is true—He will keep his promise and our



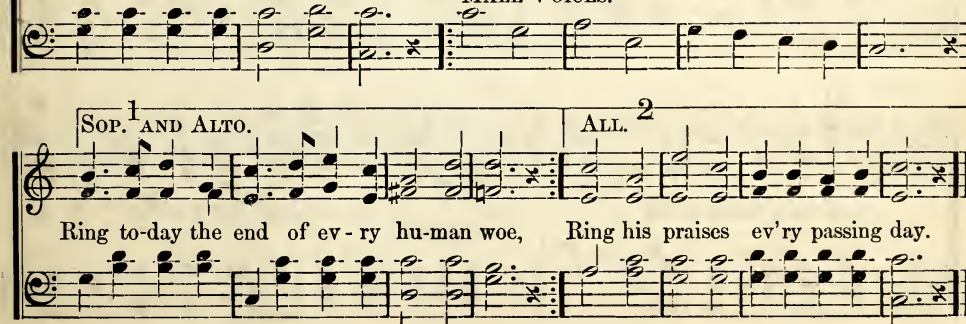
what they know, When the Christian warfare hurried souls to God, Now the road is  
Christ shall bow, "Now" we free-ly gath-er worshipping the King, Now the song of  
hope re-new. Ring the note of triumph, God is on his throne, Ring that he will

### CHORUS.



saf-er that the saints have trod, } { Ring, ring, ring, ring, bells of long a-go,  
praise in peace may free-ly ring. } { Ring, ring, ring, ring, Christ is King for aye,  
ev-er hear and save his own. }

MALE VOICES.



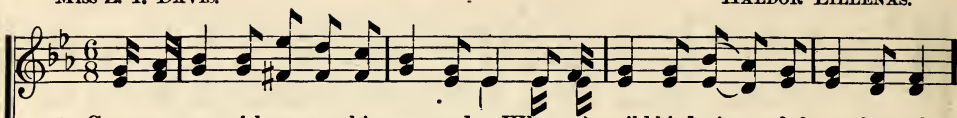
Ring to-day the end of ev-ry hu-man woe, Ring his praises ev-ry passing day.

## No. 45.

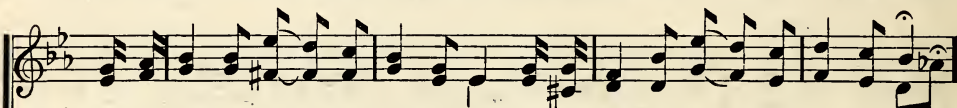
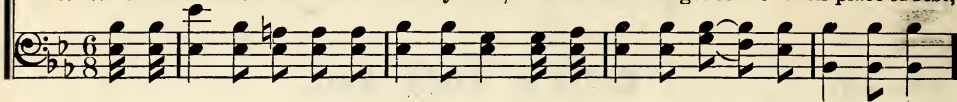
## A Summer Carol.

Miss Z. I. DAVIS.

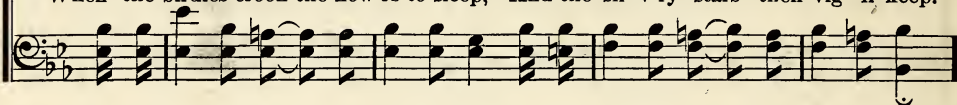
HALDOR LILLENAS.



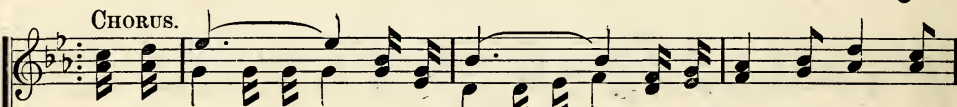
1. Come a - way with me on this sun - ny day, Where the wild birds sing and the zephyrs play,
2. We will row a - way in our light canoe, On the sparkling, danc - ing waves of blue,
3. When the crimson fades in the dreamy west, And the wild things seek for their place of rest,



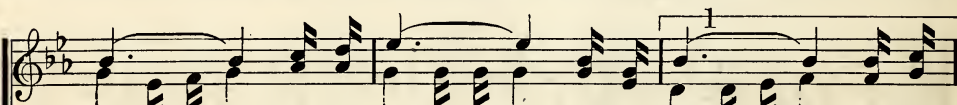
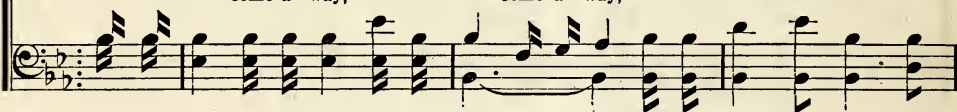
Where the babbling, clear spring laughs to meet With the lush green moss at the oak tree's feet.  
Where the sheen of wa - ter lil - ies glow With their hearts of gold and their cups of snow.  
When the birdies croon the flow'rs to sleep, And the sil - v'ry stars their vig - il keep.



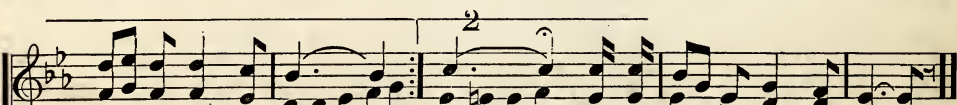
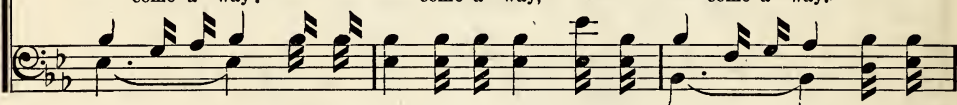
## CHORUS.



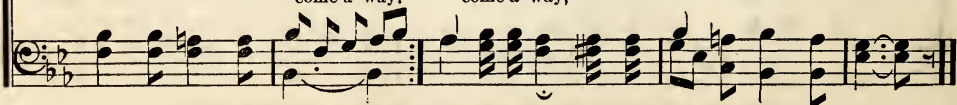
Come a - way, . . . come a - way, . . . To the meads and sun - kiss'd  
come a - way, come a - way,



flow'rs; . . . Come a - way, . . . come a - way, . . . To the  
come a - way: come a - way, come a - way.



smil - ing woodland bow'rs; . . . way, . . . to the smil - ing woodland bow'rs.  
come a - way, come a - way,

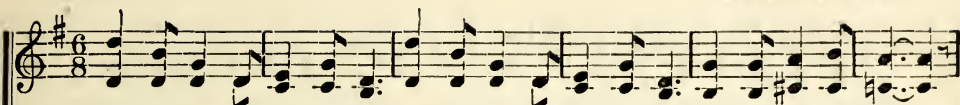


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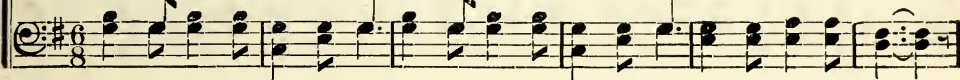
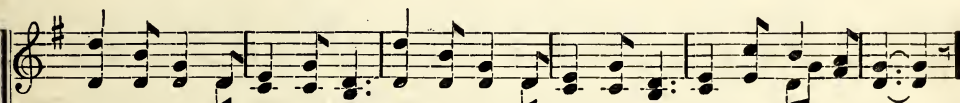
## The Stars.

H. L.


HALDOR LILLENAS.



1. When the sun has gone to rest, Sink-ing in the gold-en west, Then the stars ap-pear.  
 2. When the sun has gone to rest, When the birds have found their nest, Then the stars ap-pear;  
 3. When the sun has gone to rest, And in darkness earth is dres't, Stars are all a-glow;

Twinkling in ce-lestial sea, Far a-bove the world and me When the night draws near.  
 Tho' their light is rath-er small, They are shin-ing one and all, Bring-ing light and cheer.  
 They are always in their place, Tho' the clouds may hide their face, From the earth be-low.




CHORUS. Unison.



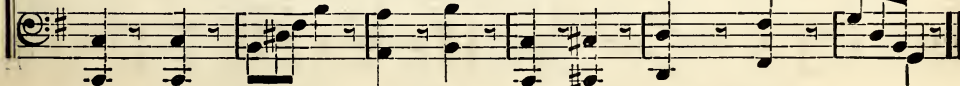
Twink-ling, shin-ing, In the deep blue sky..... Far a-




way a-bove the world, so high,..... Count-less mill-ions,

Number-less are they, Shin-ing through the night, so far a-way.



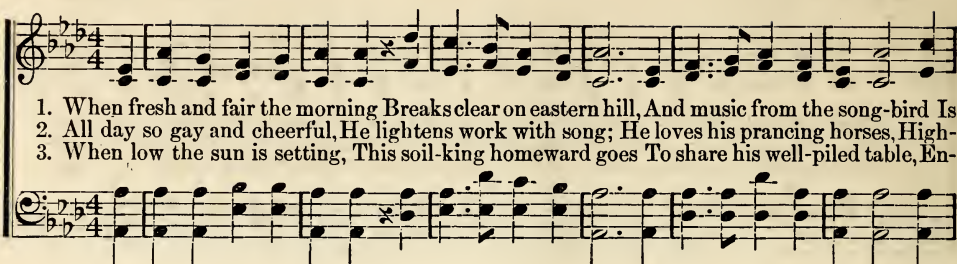


# No. 47.

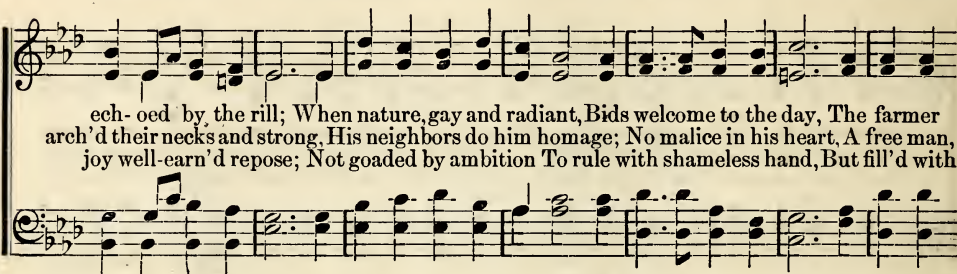
# The Soil King.

J. W. Y.

J. W. YODER.

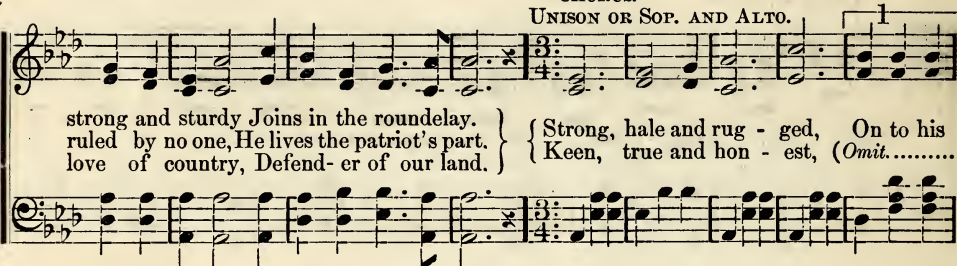


1. When fresh and fair the morning Breaks clear on eastern hill, And music from the song-bird Is  
 2. All day so gay and cheerful, He lightens work with song; He loves his prancing horses, High-  
 3. When low the sun is setting, This soil-king homeward goes To share his well-piled table, En-

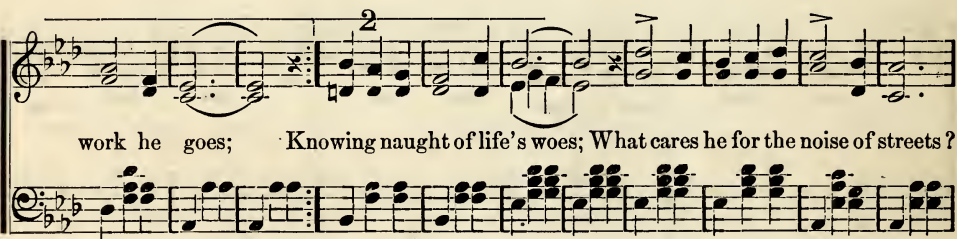


ech- oed by the rill; When nature, gay and radiant, Bids welcome to the day, The farmer  
 arch'd their necks and strong, His neighbors do him homage; No malice in his heart, A free man,  
 joy well-earn'd repose; Not goaded by ambition To rule with shameless hand, But fill'd with

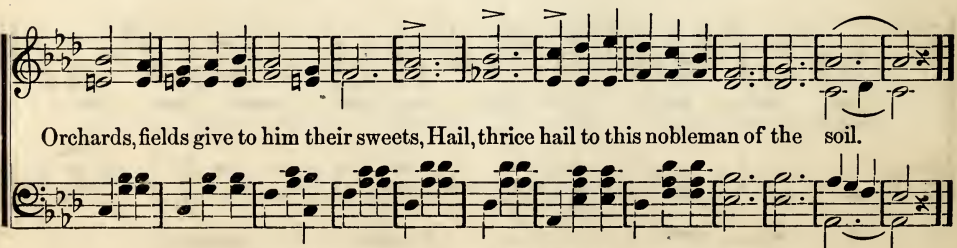
## CHORUS. UNISON OR SOP. AND ALTO.



strong and sturdy Joins in the roundelay.  
 ruled by no one, He lives the patriot's part.  
 love of country, Defend- er of our land. } { Strong, hale and rug - ged, On to his  
 { Keen, true and hon - est, (Omit. ....



work he goes; Knowing naught of life's woes; What cares he for the noise of streets?



Orchards, fields give to him their sweets, Hail, thrice hail to this nobleman of the soil.

# No. 48.

# The Teacher.

J. W. Y.

J. W. YODER.

We are teach - ers, faith - ful teach - ers, We are train - ing girls and boys,

Shar - ing all their joys, We are teach - ers, faith - ful teach - ers

We're the guard - ians of the State, and Church, and Home.

# No. 48 a.

# The School.

J. W. Y.

J. W. YODER.

Rah, rah, rah, for our coun - try, Rah for the pu - pils and the schools,

Rah, rah, rah, rah, Rah for the pu - pils and the schools. (rah, rah.)

## No. 49.

## Farmer Lads.

J. W. Y.

J. W. YODER.

1. Gai - ly the farm - er lads ride out with gallant chargers, Keen their eye and strong their  
 2. Loudly they cheer as down the hill they coast in win - ter, Side by side they race a -

nerve, they know no fear, Brown their cheeks from kiss of sun, Stout in limb from forest run; Monarch  
 long in joy - ful glee, Boys and dogs in fly - ing chase, Proud the victor of the race; Hale and

## CHORUS.

they of field and for - est far and near. } Galloping on, galloping on, the fearless rid - ers,  
 hearty all, for weak there none could be. }

Gai - ly sing their morning song hi - o, hi - o,

Galloping on, mer - ri - ly on they go.



## No. 50.

## The Call of the Stream.

A. A. PAYN.

ADAM GEIBEL.

*Unison.*

1. Peaceful - ly rip - ple the wa - ters Down thro' the heart of the for - est,  
 2. Come on their glad in - vi - ta - tion, Far from the noise of the cit - y;  
 3. Here ev - 'ry care is for - got - ten, Here is laid down ev - 'ry bur - den,

Murmur - ing mel - o - dies sooth - ing, As to the o - cean they flee.  
 Rest in the sound of their mu - sic, Un - der a wide-spreading tree.  
 Strength for our la - bor re - new - ing, With clearer vis - ion we see.

## CHORUS.

Come where the waters are rippling In mel-o - dy sweet, Far from the cry of the cit - y,

Come, find a re - treat; Leave ev'ry worry and care behind, Flee from the struggle of

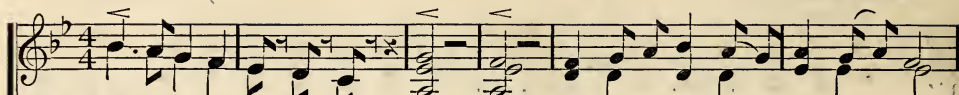
human kind; Come and a rest from your toil you will find, Where happiness is complete.

# No. 51.

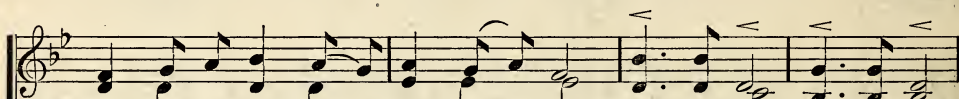
# Playing in the Snow.

G. L. H.

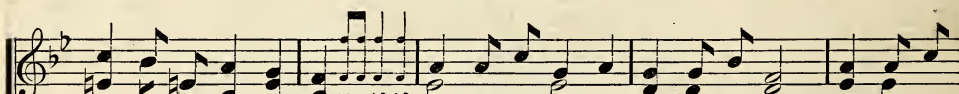
GRACE L. HOSMER.



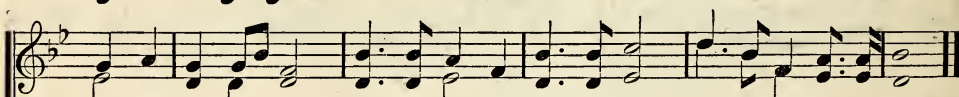
1. Ho, ho, ho, ho, ho, ho, ho! Ho! Ho! Come, let us run, let us play in the snow!  
2. Ho, ho, ho, ho, ho, ho, ho! Ho! Ho! Now let us make a big snow-ball!



Come, let us run, let us play in the snow! Down we go! Down we go!  
Now let us make a big snow-ball! One and all! One and all!



Down on the soft, white snow! Now we are up a-gain with a shout, Toss-ing the  
Come, roll the big snow-ball! Now we will turn it in - to a man, This is his



white flakes all a-bout; Blood a-tin-gle, cheeks a-glow, O hurrah for the snow!  
face, his hat a can; Noth-ing is more fun we know, O hurrah for the snow!

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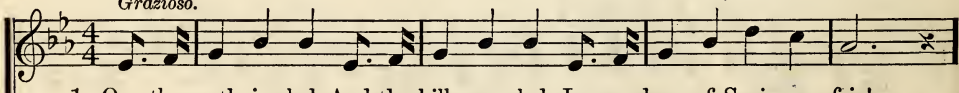
# No. 52.

# A Song of Spring.

G. L. H.

GRACE L. HOSMER.

*Grazioso.*



1. O the earth is glad, And the hills are clad In a dress of Spring so fair!  
2. And a song so sweet Ev-'ry ear shall greet, 'Tis the first bird of the Spring!

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## A Song of Spring.—Concluded.

While a ten-der green o-ver all is seen, And there's gladness ev'rywhere!  
Lit-tle leaves un-fold aft-er winter's cold, And a-bove they dance and sing!

**CHORUS.**

We will sing of the Spring! Tra, la, la, la, la, la! la, la, la, la, la, la!

The musical score is in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It features a vocal melody and a piano accompaniment. The chorus is marked with first and second endings.

## No. 53. The Blackbird.

G. L. H.

GRACE L. HOSMER.

1. See the merry blackbird in the tree, Swinging, swinging, What a pretty, shin-y  
2. He is telling us that Spring is here, Singing, singing, Is - n't that a joy-ful

fel-low he, Swinging all day long! How the sunlight glistens on his wings,  
song to hear? Sing-ing all day long! See the many friends he's brought with him,

Swinging, swinging, List-en to the mer-ry song he sings, Swinging all day long!  
Singing, singing, Now they're in the tree, on ev-'ry limb, Sing-ing all day long!

The musical score is in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It features a vocal melody and a piano accompaniment. The score includes two verses of lyrics and a final chorus.



# No. 54.

# Little Wee-Wees.

From "The Brownie Band," GABRIEL.

1. Lit-tle Wee-Wees, Trying to please, Finding a welcome wherev-er we go,  
 2. Who can tell why We are so shy? Who ever saw us, or heard us before?

The first system of the musical score for 'Little Wee-Wees'. It features a treble and bass staff in 3/4 time, with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

Pretty-bright eyes, Prudent and wise, Roguish-ly winking just so!  
 Who knows the road To our a-bode, Tho' they have traveled it o'er?

The second system of the musical score. It continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

Happy and gay, Spending the day, Sailing to-gether a-bout on the breeze.  
 On-ly in sleep, You'll get a peep At us, or of our bright home, if you please.

The third system of the musical score. It continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

Quaintest of all, Cunning and small, We are the little Wee-Wees.  
 No one can know, Whither we go, We are the little Wee-Wees.

The fourth system of the musical score, which concludes the piece. It features a final flourish in the treble staff. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

# Little Wee-Wees.—Concluded.

REFRAIN.

Wee - Wees, lit-tle Wee-Wees, Al-ways so gay— Nev-er pas-see!

Wee - Wees, pret-ty Wee-Wees, We are the lit-tle Wee-Wees.

No. 55.

## My Maryland.

JAS. R. RANDALL.

1. The despot's heel is on thy shore, Maryland, my Maryland! His torch is at thy  
 2. Hark to an ex-iled son's appeal, Maryland, my Maryland! My Mother State, to  
 3. Thou wilt not cow-er in the dust, Maryland, my Maryland! Thy gleaming sword shall

tem-ple door, Maryland, my Maryland! A-venge the pa - tri - ot - ic gore That  
 thee I kneel, Maryland, my Maryland! For life and death, for woe and weal, Thy  
 nev-er rust, Maryland, my Maryland! Re - member Carroll's sa-cred trust Re-

fleck'd the streets of Baltimore And be the battle-queen of yore, Maryland, my Maryland!  
 peer-less chivalry reveal, And gird thy beauteous limbs with steel, Maryland, my Maryland!  
 member Howard's war-like thrust, And all thy slumb'ers with the just, Maryland, my Maryland!



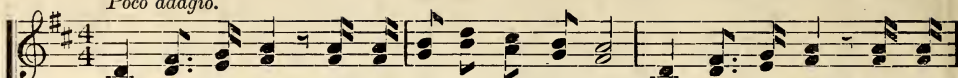
# No. 56.

# Old Black Joe.


S. C. F.

STEPHEN C. FOSTER.

*Poco adagio.*



1. Gone are the days when my heart was young and gay; Gone are my friends from the  
 2. Why do I weep when my heart should feel no pain? Why do I sigh that my  
 3. Where are the hearts once so hap-py and so free? The chil-dren dear, that I

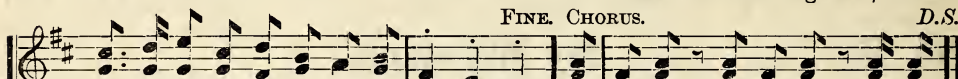


cot-ton-fields a-way; Gone from the earth to a bet-ter land, I know, I  
 friends come not a-gain? Griev-ing for forms now de-part-ed long a-go? I  
 held up-on my knee? Gone to the shore where my soul has long'd to go, I

*D.S.*—head is bend-ing low; I

*FINE. CHORUS.*

*D.S.*



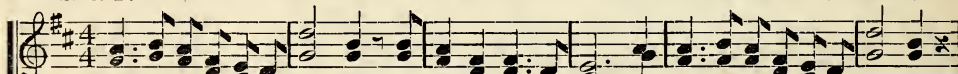
hear their gentle voic-es calling, "Old black Joe!" I'm coming, I'm coming, For my  
 hear their gentle voic-es calling, "Old black Joe!"

# No. 57.

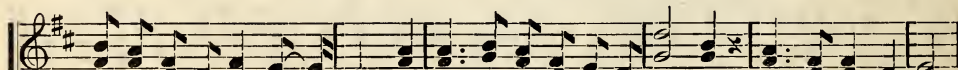
# Massa's in the Cold Ground.

S. C. F.

STEPHEN C. FOSTER.



1. Round de meadows am a-ringing De darkeys' mournful song, While de mocking bird am singing,  
 2. When de autumn leaves were falling, When de days were cold, 'Twas hard to hear old Massa calling,  
 3. Massa make de darkeys love him, Cayse he was so kind, Now dey sadly weep above him,

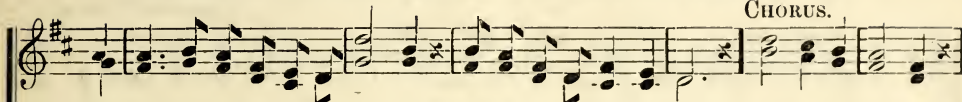


Happy as de day am long. Where de i-vy am a-creeping, O'er de grassy mound,  
 Cayse he was so weak and old. Now de orange trees am blooming, On de sand-y shore,  
 Mourning cayse he leave dem behind. I cannot work before to-morrow, Cayse de tear-drop flow,

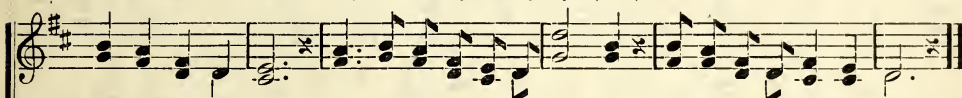
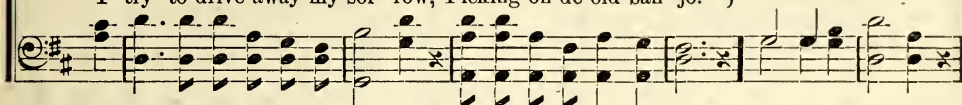


# Massa's In the Cold Ground.—Concluded.

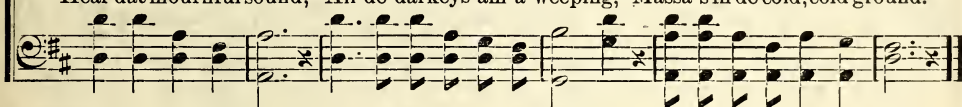
CHORUS.



Dare old Massa am a-sleeping, Sleeping in de cold, cold ground.  
Now de summer days am coming, Massa nebber calls no more. } Down in the cornfield  
I try to drive away my sor-row, Picking on de old ban-jo. }

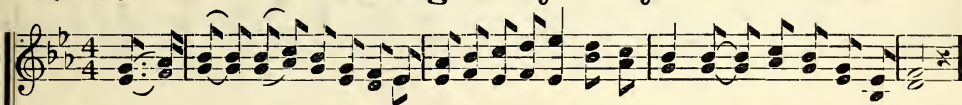


Hear dat mournful sound; All de darkeys am a-weeping, Massa's in de cold, cold ground.

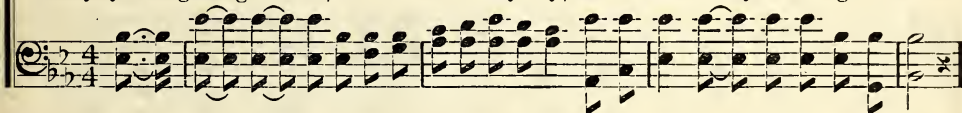


## No. 58.

## Darling Nelly Gray.

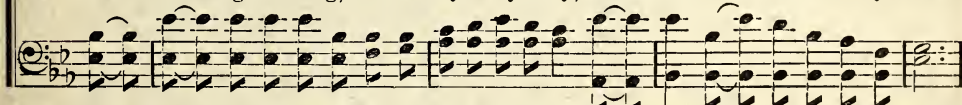


1. There's a low green valley on the old Kentucky shore, Where I've whiled many happy hours away,
2. When the moon had climed the mountain, and the stars were shining too, Then I'd take my darling Nelly Gray,
3. My eyes are getting blinded, and I cannot see my way; Hark, there's somebody knocking at the door!



FINE.

A - sitting and a-singing by the little cottage door Where lived my darling Nelly Gray.  
And we'd float down the river in my little red canoe, While my banjo sweetly I would play.  
O I hear the angels calling, and I see my Nelly Gray, Fare- well to the old Kentucky shore.

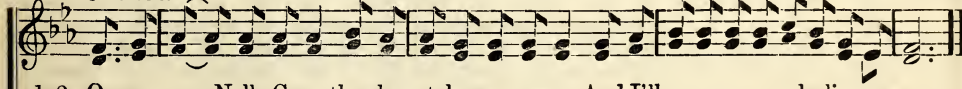


D.S.—I'm sitting by the river and I'm weeping all the day, For you've gone from the old Kentucky shore.

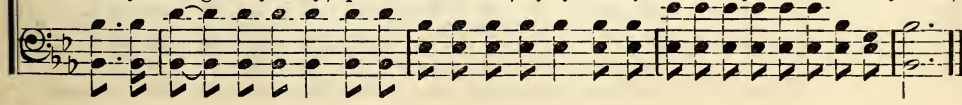
D.S.—I'm a-coming—coming—coming, as the angels clear the way, Farewell to the old Kentucky shore.

CHORUS.

D.S.



- 1-2. O my poor Nelly Gray, they have taken you away, And I'll never see my darling anymore;
3. O my darling Nelly Gray, up in heaven there, they say, That they'll never take you from me anymore;



# No. 59.

# Robin Adair.

CAROLINE KEPPEL.

1. { What's this dull town to me? Rob - in's not near; } Where's all the joy and mirth  
 2. { What was't I wished to see. What wished to hear? } What, when the play was o'er,  
 3. { What made th' assembly shine? Rob - in A - dair; } Yet him I loved so well,  
 { What made the ball so fine? Rob - in was there; }  
 { But now thou'rt cold to me, Rob - in A - dair; }  
 { But now thou'rt cold to me, Rob - in A - dair; }  
 That made this town a heav'n on earth? O they're all fled with thee, Rob - in A - dair.  
 What made my heart so sore? O it was part-ing with Rob - in A - dair.  
 Still in my heart shall dwell, O I can ne'er for-get Rob - in A - dair.

# No. 60.

# Old Folks at Home.

S. C. F.

STEPHEN C. FOSTER.

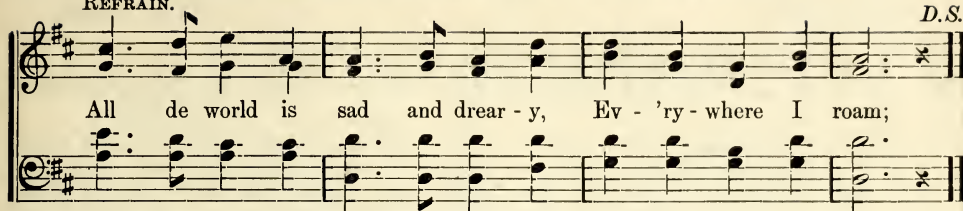
1. 'Way down up - on de Swa - nee riv - er, Far, far a - way,  
 2. { All up and down de whole cre - a - tion, Sad - ly I roam,  
 3. { All roun' de lit - tle farm I wan - dered, When I was young;  
 { When I was play - ing with my broth - er, Hap - py was I;  
 { One lit - tle hut a - mong de bush - es, One that I love,  
 { When will I see de bees a - humming All roun' de comb?  
 Dere's wha my heart is turn - ing ev - er, Dere's wha de old folks stay. }  
 Still long - ing for de old plan - ta - tion, And for de old folks at home. }  
 Den ma - ny hap - py days I squandered, Ma - ny de songs I sung. }  
 O take me to my kind old moth - er, There let me live and die. }  
 Still sad - ly to my mem - 'ry rush - es, No mat - ter where I rove. }  
 When will I hear de ban - jo tumming, Down in my good old home? }  
 D.S.—O darkies, how my heart grows wea - ry, Far from de old folks at home.



# Old Folks at Home.—Concluded.

REFRAIN.

D.S.



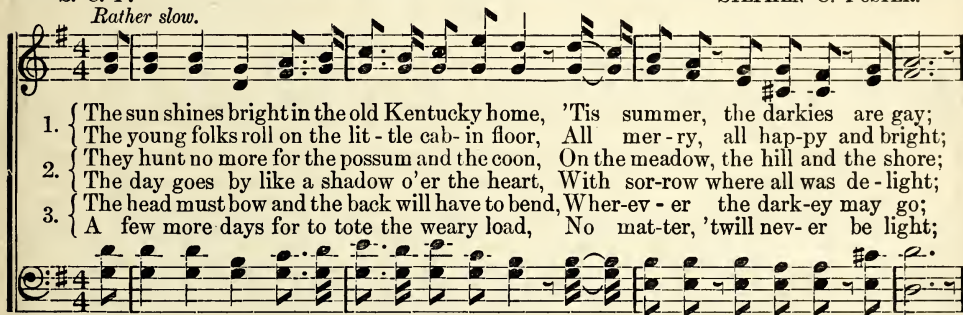
All de world is sad and drear - y, Ev - 'ry - where I roam;

## No. 61. My Old Kentucky Home.

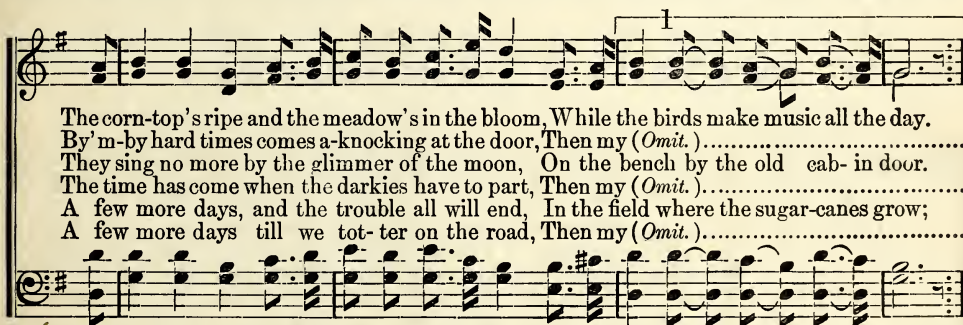
S. C. F.

STEPHEN C. FOSTER.

*Rather slow.*



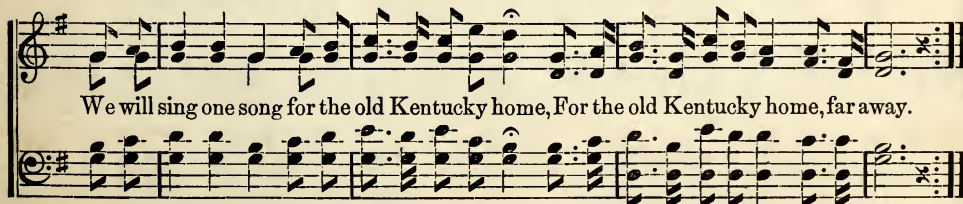
1. { The sun shines bright in the old Kentucky home, 'Tis summer, the darkies are gay;  
 2. { The young folks roll on the lit - tle cab - in floor, All mer - ry, all hap - py and bright;  
 3. { They hunt no more for the possum and the coon, On the meadow, the hill and the shore;  
 The day goes by like a shadow o'er the heart, With sor - row where all was de - light;  
 The head must bow and the back will have to bend, Wher - ev - er the dark - ey may go;  
 A few more days for to tote the weary load, No mat - ter, 'twill nev - er be light;



The corn-top's ripe and the meadow's in the bloom, While the birds make music all the day.  
 By'm-by hard times comes a-knocking at the door, Then my (*Omit.*).....  
 They sing no more by the glimmer of the moon, On the bench by the old cab - in door.  
 The time has come when the darkies have to part, Then my (*Omit.*).....  
 A few more days, and the trouble all will end, In the field where the sugar-canes grow;  
 A few more days till we tot - ter on the road, Then my (*Omit.*).....



CHORUS.  
 old Kentucky home, good-night! Weep no more, my la - dy, O weep no more to-day!



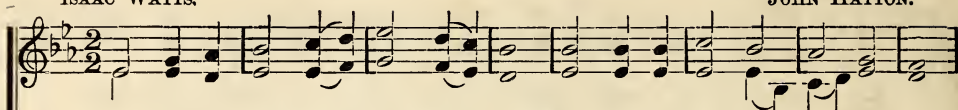
We will sing one song for the old Kentucky home, For the old Kentucky home, far away.



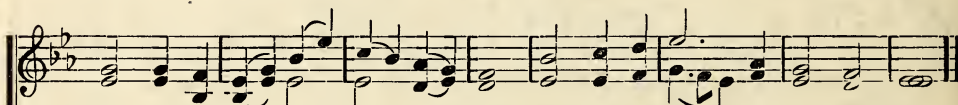
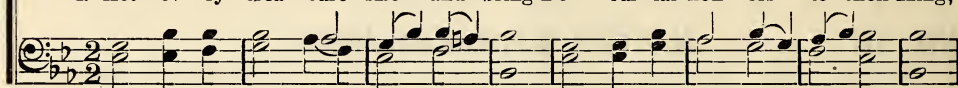
# No. 62. Jesus Shall Reign Where'er the Sun.

ISAAC WATTS.

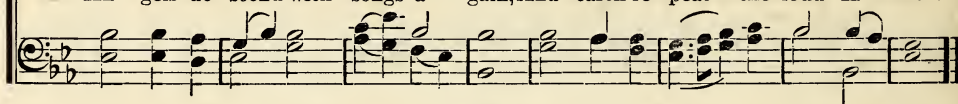
JOHN HATTON.



1. Je - sus shall reign wher - e'er the sun Does his suc - ces - sive jour - neys run;
2. From north to south the princ - es meet To pay their hom - age at his feet;
3. To him shall end - less pray'r be made, And endless prais - es crown his head;
4. Let ev - 'ry crea - ture rise and bring Pe - cul - iar hon - ors to their King;



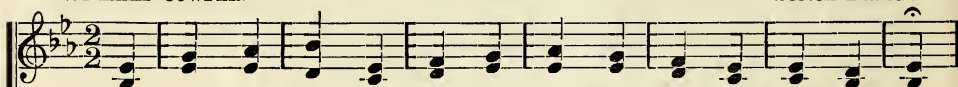
His kingdom spread from shore to shore, Till moons shall wax and wane no more.  
While western em - pires own their Lord, And sav - age tribes at - tend his word.  
His name like sweet per - fume shall rise With ev - 'ry morn - ing sac - ri - fice.  
An - gels de - scend with songs a - gain, And earth re - peat the loud A - men.



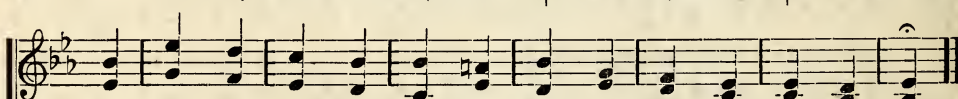
# No. 63. God Moves In a Mysterious Way.

WILLIAM COWPER.

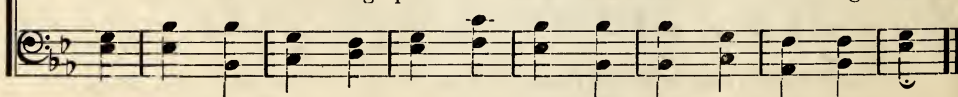
Scotch Psalter.



1. God moves in a mys - te - rious way His won - ders to per - form;
2. Deep in un - fath - om - a - ble mines Of nev - er - fail - ing skill,
3. Ye fear - ful saints, fresh cour - age take; The clouds ye so much dread
4. Judge not the Lord by fee - ble sense, But trust him for his grace,



He plants his foot - steps in the sea, And rides up - on the storm.  
He treas - ures up his bright de - signs, And works his sovereign will.  
Are big with mer - cy, and shall break In bless - ings on your head.  
Be - hind a frown - ing prov - i - dence He hides a smil - ing face.



5 His purposes will ripen fast,  
Unfolding every hour:  
The bud may have a bitter taste,  
But sweet will be the flower.

6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,  
And scan his work in vain:  
God is his own interpreter,  
And he will make it plain.

# No. 64. Christ the Lord is Risen To-day.

CHARLES WESLEY.

LYRA DAVIDICA.

1. Christ the Lord is ris'n to - day, Hal - le - lu - jah! Sons of men and  
an - gels say: Hal - le - lu - jah! Raise your joys and triumphs high,  
Hal - le - lu - jah! Sing, ye heav'ns, and earth reply, Hal - le - lu - jah!

2 Love's redeeming work is done;  
Fought the fight, the battle won:  
Lo! The sun's eclipse is o'er;  
Lo! He sets in blood no more.

3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal,  
Christ has burst the gates of hell:  
Death in vain forbids his rise;  
Christ hath opened Paradise.

4 Lives again our glorious King;  
Where, O death, is now thy sting?  
Once he died our souls to save;  
Where's thy victory, boasting grave?

5 Soar we now where Christ was led,  
Follow our exalted Head;  
Made like him, like him we rise;  
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies!

# No. 65. Blest Be the Tie that Binds.

JOHN FAWCETT.

HANS G. NAEGELI.

1 Blest be the tie that binds  
Our hearts in Christian love;  
The fellowship of kindred minds  
Is like to that above.

2 Before our Father's throne,  
We pour our ardent prayers;  
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,  
Our comforts and our cares.

3 We share our mutual woes,  
Our mutual burdens bear;  
And often for each other flows  
The sympathizing tear.

4 When we asunder part,  
It gives us inward pain;  
But we shall still be joined in heart,  
And hope to meet again.

5 This glorious hope revives  
Our courage by the way;  
While each in expectation lives,  
And longs to see the day.

6 From sorrow, toil and pain,  
And sin we shall be free;  
And perfect love and friendship reign  
Through all eternity.

# Temperance and Patriotic.

## 66. Temperance and Liberty.

*Tune:—"Maryland, My Maryland." Key G.*

- 1 O shout the watchword clear and strong,  
"Temperance and Liberty."  
We march to victory over wrong,  
Temperance and Liberty;  
Come join together hand in hand,  
Inspired by all that's good and grand,  
And help to save our native land,  
Temperance and Liberty.
- 2 We'll watch and work as well as pray,  
Temperance and Liberty,  
For soon will dawn our golden day,  
Temperance and Liberty.  
Eternal right is at the stake,  
Our hands the chains of sin must break,  
Through grace divine, and for his sake,  
Temperance and Liberty.

- 3 Our noble cause the Lord will bless,  
Temperance and Liberty,  
It stands for truth and righteousness,  
Temperance and Liberty.  
With faith in God and self control,  
We forward press to reach the goal,  
Exultant sing with heart and soul,  
Temperance and Liberty.

*Lizzie De Armond.*

*Words Copyrighted, MCMVIII, by Adam Geibel Music Co.*

## 67. God Bless Our Native Land.

*Tune:—"Italian Hymn." Key G.*

- 1 God bless our native land;  
Firm may she ever stand  
Through storm and night:  
When the wild tempests rave,  
Ruler of wind and wave,  
Do thou our country save  
By thy great might.
- 2 For her our prayers shall rise  
To God above the skies;  
On him we wait;  
Thou who art ever nigh,  
Guarding with watchful eye,  
To thee aloud we cry,  
God save the State.
- 3 To God,—the Father, Son,  
And Spirit,—Three in One,  
All praise be given!  
Crown him in every song;  
To him your hearts belong;  
Let all his praise prolong,  
On earth, in heaven.

*Rev. John S. Dwight.*

## 68. Evils of Intemperance.

*Tune:—"Boylston." Key G.*

- 1 Mourn for the thousands slain,  
The youthful and the strong;  
Mourn for the wine-cup's fearful reign,  
And the deluded throng.
- 2 Mourn for the lost,—but call,  
Call to the strong, the free;  
Rouse them to shun that dreadful fall,  
And to the refuge flee.
- 3 Mourn for the lost,—but pray,  
Pray to our God above,  
To break the fell destroyer's sway,  
And show his saving love.

## 69. What Ruin.

*Tune:—"Azmon." Key A.*

- 1 What ruin hath intemperance wrought!  
How widely roll its waves!  
How many myriads hath it brought  
To fill dishonored graves!
- 2 Stretch forth thy hand, O God, our King,  
And break the galling chain;  
Deliverance to the captive bring,  
And end the usurper's reign.
- 4 The cause of temperance is thine own;  
Our plans and efforts bless;  
We trust, O Lord, in thee alone  
To crown them with success.

## 70. My Soul, Be On Thy Guard.

*Tune:—"Laban." Key C.*

- 1 My soul, be on thy guard;  
Ten thousand foes arise;  
The hosts of sin are pressing hard  
To draw thee from the skies.
- 2 O watch, and fight, and pray;  
The battle ne'er give o'er;  
Renew it boldly every day,  
And help divine implore.
- 3 Ne'er think the victory won,  
Nor lay thine armor down;  
The work of faith will not be done,  
Till thou obtain the crown.
- 4 Fight on, my soul, till death  
Shall bring thee to thy God;  
He'll take thee at thy parting breath,  
To his divine abode.

## 71. Work for Temperance.

*Tune:—"Work, for the Night is Coming." See No. 99.*

- 1 Work, for the cause of temperance,  
Work, and our God shall bless;  
Faith in his word shall aid us,  
He shall give success.  
Save those who see no danger  
In the alluring drink,  
Save, ere their souls shall perish  
O'er sin's treacherous brink.
- 2 Work, for the cause of temperance,  
Heeding the light of truth;  
Save to this glorious nation  
Lives of precious youth.  
Till o'er the land and ocean  
Floats in the sun-kissed air  
That flag which should mean "Temperance"  
In this land so fair.
- 3 Work, while the strength is given  
To overcome the foe,  
Let every hour be precious  
Saving souls from woe.  
Then as the last ray fades  
Blotting this world from sight,  
Victory shall crown our efforts  
In the cause of right.

## 72. Recessional.

*Tune:—"St. Catherine." Key Ab.*

- 1 God of our fathers, known of old,  
Lord of our far-flung battle line,  
Beneath whose awful hand we hold  
Dominion over palm and pine—  
Lord of hosts, be with us yet,  
Lest we forget! Lest we forget!



# Temperance and Patriotic.

- 2** The tumult and the shouting dies,  
The captains and the kings depart,  
Still stands thine ancient sacrifice,  
An humble and a contrite heart,  
Lord God of hosts be with us yet,  
Lest we forget! Lest we forget!
- 3** Far called, our navies melt away,  
On dune and headland sinks the fire,  
Lo, all our pomp of yesterday,  
Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!  
Judge of the nations, spare us yet,  
Lest we forget! Lest we forget!
- 4** If drunk with sight of power we loose  
Wild tongues that have not thee in awe,  
Such boasting as the Gentiles use,  
Or lesser breeds without the law,  
Lord God of hosts, be with us yet,  
Lest we forget! Lest we forget!

- 5** For heathen heart that puts her trust  
In reeking tube and iron shard—  
All valiant dust that builds on dust,  
And guarding calls not thee to guard,  
For frantic boast and foolish word,  
Thy mercy on thy people, Lord!

*Rudyard Kipling.*

## 73. Battle Hymn of the Republic.

*Key C.*

- 1** Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the  
Lord;  
He is trampling out the vintage, where the grapes of  
wrath are stored;  
He hath loosed the fateful lightning of his terrible  
swift sword;  
His truth is marching on.

CHORUS.

Glory, glory hallelujah!  
Glory, glory hallelujah!  
Glory, glory hallelujah!  
His truth is marching on.

- 2** I have seen him in the watch-fires of a hundred cir-  
cling camps;  
They have builded him an altar in the evening dews  
and damps;  
I can read his righteous sentence by the dim and  
flaring lamps;  
His truth is marching on.—CHO.

- 3** He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never  
call retreat;  
He is sifting out the hearts of men before his judg-  
ment-seat;  
Oh, be swift my soul to answer him! be jubilant  
my feet!  
Our God is marching on.—CHO.

- 4** In the beauty of the lilies, Christ was born across  
the sea;  
With a glory in his bosom, that transfigures you and  
me;  
As he died to make men holy, let us die to make men  
free,  
While God is marching on.—CHO.

*Julia Ward Howe.*

## 74. The Morning Light is Breaking.

*Tune:—"Webb." Bb.*

- 1** The morning light is breaking,  
The darkness disappears;  
The sons of earth are waking  
To penitential tears:  
Each breeze that sweeps the ocean  
Brings tidings from afar,  
Of nations in commotion,  
Prepared for Zion's war.

- 2** See heathen nations bending  
Before the God we love,  
And thousand hearts ascending  
In gratitude above:  
While sinners now confessing,  
The gospel call obey,  
And seek the Saviour's blessing,  
A nation in a day.
- 3** Blest river of salvation,  
Pursue thine onward way;  
Flow thou to every nation,  
Nor in thy richness stay,  
Stay not till all the lowly  
Triumphant reach their home;  
Stay not till all the holy  
Proclaim, "The Lord is come!"

*Samuel F. Smith.*

## 75. Onward, Christian Soldiers.

*Tune:—"St. Gertrude." Key E.*

- 1** Onward, Christian soldiers!  
Marching as to war,  
With the cross of Jesus  
Going on before,  
Christ, the royal Master,  
Leads against the foe;  
Forward into battle,  
See, his banners go!

REFRAIN.

Onward Christian soldiers!  
Marching as to war,  
With the cross of Jesus  
Going on before.

- 2** Like a mighty army  
Moves the Church of God,  
Brothers, we are treading  
Where the saints have trod;  
We are not divided,  
All one body we,  
One in hope and doctrine,  
One in charity.—REF.
- 3** Crowns and thrones may perish,  
Kingdoms rise and wane,  
But the Church of Jesus  
Constant will remain;  
Gates of hell can never  
'Gainst that Church prevail,  
We have Christ's own promise,  
And that cannot fail.—REF.
- 4** Onward, then, ye people!  
Join our happy throng,  
Blend with ours your voices  
In the triumph song;  
Glory, laud and honor  
Unto Christ the King,  
This through countless ages  
Men and angels sing.—REF.

*Sabine Baring-Gould.*

## 76. In the Cross of Christ I Glory.

*Key C.*

- 1** In the cross of Christ I glory,  
Tow'ring o'er the wrecks of time;  
All the light of sacred story  
Gathers round its head sublime.
- 2** When the woes of life o'ertake me,  
Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,  
Never shall the cross forsake me;  
Lo! it glows with peace and joy.
- 3** When the sun of bliss is beaming  
Light and love upon my way,  
From the cross the radiance streaming  
Adds more lustre to the day.
- 4** Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,  
By the cross are sanctified;  
Peace is there that knows no measure,  
Joys that through all time abide.

*Sir J. Bowring.*

# No. 77.

# The Star-Spangled Banner.

FRANCIS SCOTT KEY.

SAMUEL ARNOLD.

*Maestoso.*

1. { O! say, can you see, by the dawn's early light, What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming?  
Whose broad stripes and bright stars thro' the perilous fight, O'er the ramparts we watch'd were so gallantly streaming? }

*cres.*  
And the rocket's red glare, the bombs bursting in air, Gave proof thro' the night that our flag was still there;

*ff* CHORUS. *rit.*  
'Tis the star-spangled banner, O! long may it wave O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

- 2 On the shore, dimly seen thro' the mists of the deep,  
Where the foes' haughty host in dread silence reposes,  
What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep  
As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half discloses?  
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,  
In full glory reflected, now shines on the stream;
- 3 O thus be it ever when freemen shall stand  
Between their loved homes and war's desolation;  
Blest with vict'ry and peace, may the heav'n-rescued land  
Praise the pow'r that has made and preserved us a nation,  
Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,  
And this be our motto, "In God is our trust."

# No. 78.

# My Country, 'Tis of Thee.

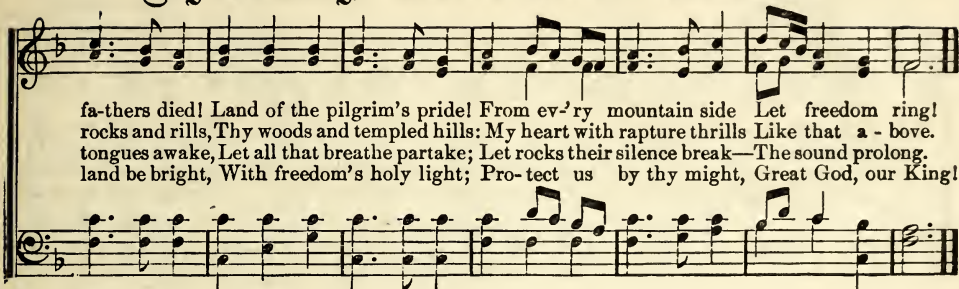
SAMUEL F. SMITH.

HENRY CAREY.

1. My coun-try! 'Tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty, Of thee I sing: Land where my  
2. My na - tive country, thee—Land of the no - ble, free—Thy name I love; I love thy  
3. Let mu - sic swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees, Sweet freedom's song; Let mor - tal  
4. Our father's God, to thee, Au - thor of lib - er - ty, To thee we sing: Long may our



# My Country, 'Tis of Thee.—Concluded.



fa-thers died! Land of the pilgrim's pride! From ev-'ry mountain side Let freedom ring!  
 rocks and rills, Thy woods and templed hills: My heart with rapture thrills Like that a - bove.  
 tongues awake, Let all that breathe partake; Let rocks their silence break—The sound prolong.  
 land be bright, With freedom's holy light; Pro-tect us by thy might, Great God, our King!

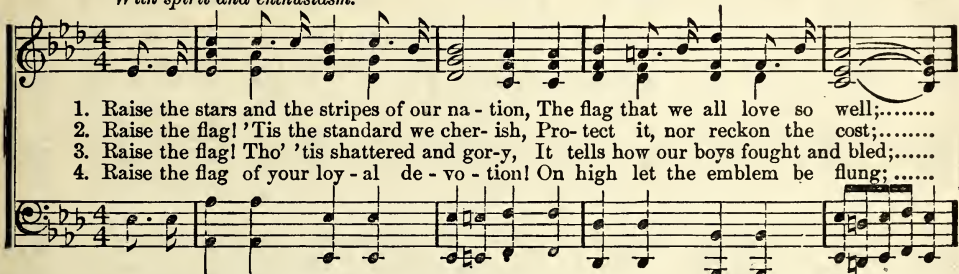
No. 79.

IRVIN H. MACK.

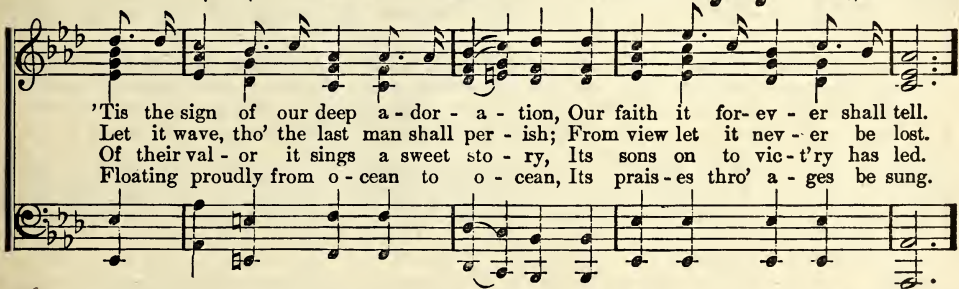
## Raise the Flag.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

*With spirit and enthusiasm.*

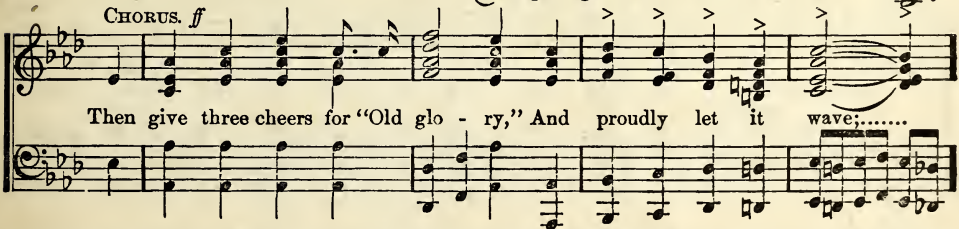


1. Raise the stars and the stripes of our na - tion, The flag that we all love so well;.....
2. Raise the flag! 'Tis the standard we cher - ish, Pro - tect it, nor reckon the cost;.....
3. Raise the flag! Tho' 'tis shattered and gor-y, It tells how our boys fought and bled;.....
4. Raise the flag of your loy - al de - vo - tion! On high let the emblem be flung;.....



'Tis the sign of our deep a - dor - a - tion, Our faith it for - ev - er shall tell.  
 Let it wave, tho' the last man shall per - ish; From view let it nev - er be lost.  
 Of their val - or it sings a sweet sto - ry, Its sons on to vic - t'ry has led.  
 Floating proudly from o - cean to o - cean, Its prais - es thro' a - ges be sung.

CHORUS. *f*



Then give three cheers for "Old glo - ry," And proudly let it wave;.....



The stars and the stripes of "Old Glo - ry," Raise high o'er the free and brave.



# No. 80. Stand Up, Stand Up for Jesus.

GEORGE DUFFIELD.

ADAM GEIBEL.

1. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, Ye sol - diers of the cross; Lift high his roy - al  
 2. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, The trumpet call o - bey, Forth to the mighty  
 3. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, Stand in his strength a - lone; The arm of flesh will  
 4. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, The strife will not be long; This day the noise of

ban - ner, It must not suf - fer loss: From vic - t'ry un - to vic - t'ry His  
 con - flict, In this his glo - rious day; "Ye that are men now serve him" A -  
 fail you, Ye dare not trust your own; Put on the gos - pel arm - or, Each  
 bat - tle, The next, the vic - tor's song: To him that o - ver - com - eth, A

arm - y shall he lead, Till ev - 'ry foe is vanquish'd, And Christ is Lord in - deed.  
 gainst unnumbered foes; Let courage rise with dan - ger, And strength to strength oppose.  
 piece put on with pray'r; Where du - ty calls or dan - ger, Be nev - er want - ing there.  
 crown of life shall be; He with the King of glo - ry Shall reign e - ter - nal - ly.

CHORUS. *Harmony.*

Stand up <sup>stand up</sup> for Je - sus, Ye sol - diers of the cross; Lift

high his roy - al ban - ner, It must not, it must not suf - fer loss.

# County Song of Lancaster.

CORA M. KNAPP.

URBAN H. HERSHEY, Mus. Bac.

1. From voices old and young, Send out the joy-ful song That sounds the praise of Lancaster  
 2. Her streams delight the eye, Her woodlands wave on high, The fertile valleys 'twixt her hills  
 3. Renowned throughout our land, Her names illustrious stand, The champions of the rights of men,

In chorus loud and long. In north, south, east or west, Where'er may be your quest, You  
 A - bundant wealth supply. A leader great and grand, With wealth at her command, The  
 A valiant, chosen band. Then, too, a 'no-ble train, Of cunning hand and brain, Give

CHORUS. \* Then sing! Then sing! Then sing!  
 Then sing! Then sing! Then sing!

find the county Lan - caster Of counties still the best. } Then sing! Then sing!  
 products of her in - dustry Are known o'er sea and land. } Then sing! Then sing!  
 sto - ry un - to Lan - caster Which ev - er shall remain. }

In voic-es free  
 Our country

1  
 Glad notes in voices free For Lancast-er upraise, For Lancast-er upraise. } free  
 Our county fair and (Omit.)..... }

2

*p* *f*

Let all . . . . . unite to praise, Let all . . . . . unite, let all u-nite to praise.

• The upper (small) notes may be taken by selected soprano and tenor voices.

